THE
Juvenile Instructor
VOL. 60 JULY, 1925 NO. 7

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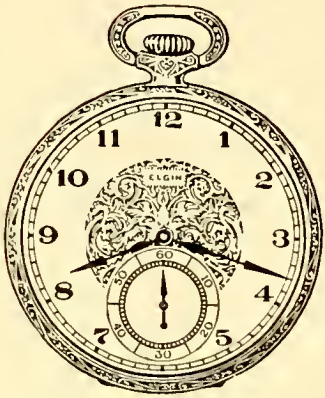

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. 60, No. 7

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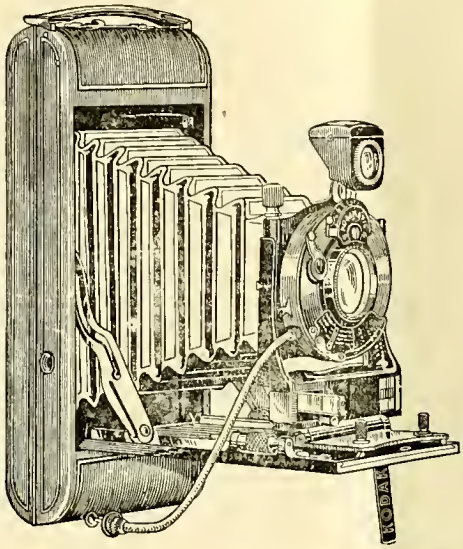

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OLD GLORY

By Isabelle Ruby Owen.

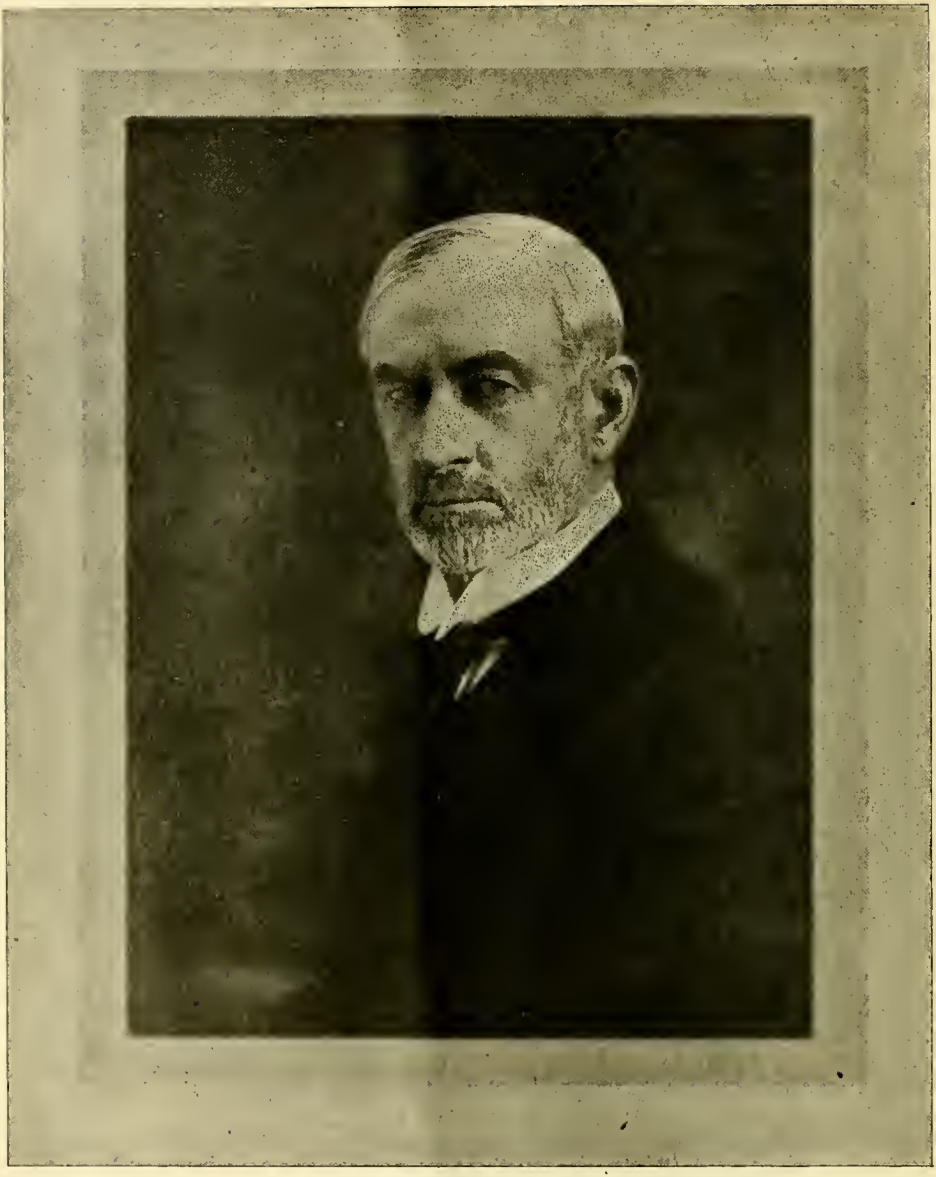
Hail to Old Glory! It has waved o'er this nation
Undaunted, unstained, since its dawn of creation.
How our hearts thrill with pride as we gaze on Old Glory!
Side by side, joy and grief are enshrined in its story.
Proudly flung to the breeze, it has floated o'er numbers
Whose lips, once so warm, are stilled in death's slumbers.
'Neath the flag they held dear, midst the bursting of shell,
Defending its honor, like heroes they fell.

It cries to us of Bunker Hill, Monmouth and Brandywine;
Of Valley Forge and Gettysburg—of the Mason-Dixon line.
It waved o'er Stonewall Jackson, Grant, Washington and Lee!
Old Glory waved o'er Sherman as he marched, victorious to the sea.
It cries to us of Belleau Wood, of Verdun down the line:
Triumphant waved 'neath skies of France
When our own boys crossed the Rhine.

Touch the flag gently! In its soft, silken folds
Lie the bleeding hearts of mothers,
Wives and sweethearts true as gold!
To that flag they gave their loved ones,
Proudly cheered while tear-dimmed eye
Blurred the vision of Old Glory
Floating there 'twixt earth and sky.

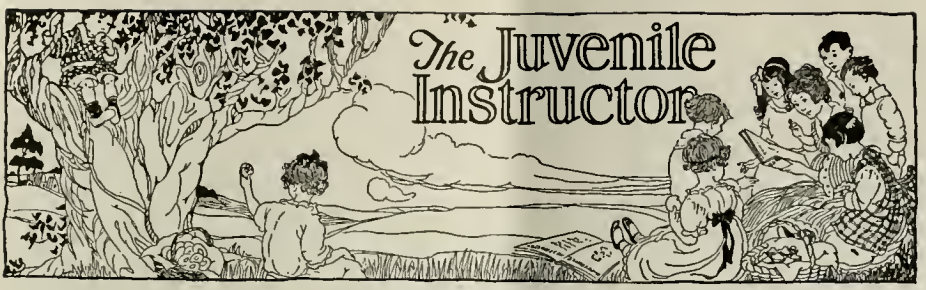
Hail, O Nation's flag of freedom!
With its stars and stripes unfurled,
Waving high o'er church and steeple,
Breathing peace to all the world;
While to loyalty it beckons
As it floats o'er me and you,
Its stars and stripes and field of blue
Cry out, "Be brave, be pure, be true!"

Wave on, old flag, nor pause to count
Thy task as finished!
While earth endures, while breezes blow,
Wave on—thy glory undiminished.
A nation's pride, a nation's hope
Are written in thy story!
Our trust in thee has never died!
Wave on, and on, Old Glory!



PRESIDENT CHARLES W. NIBLEY

President Charles W. Nibley, who has been Presiding Bishop of the Church for eighteen years, was selected by President Heber J. Grant, June 4, 1925, as Second Counselor in the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Former Second Counselor, President Anthony W. Ivins, was, on the same date, named as First Counselor in the Presidency. The selections were unanimously sustained by the Council of the Twelve.



Vol. 60 JULY, 1925 No. 7

The Bird that Flew Away

By Susa Young Gates.

The house nestled comfortably in its tangled mass of overhanging Virginia creepers, clematis, and honeysuckle, well satisfied to hide an occasional lack of shingle or window pane with nodding glory of green or woodbine pink. It was only a shell, this small house, yet it was full of the atmosphere of comfortable, struggling adversity within. There were not nearly so many rooms as there were children beneath its sheltering roof; but what lacked of space was filled with tender comradeship.

And just now a canary sat in a gilded cage in the open window centering in its own liquid throat all the sunny charm of home within and house without. Two children sat on the low doorstep, munching bread and molasses, with happy eyes aglow, just to hear Mr. Yellow-throat voicing all their own unsung joy.

"Ted," said the six-year old girl, "don't you hope that Aunt Delia will stay in California and leave us to have her canary always?"

"Oh, no. Mamie, I couldn't be so cruel as that." And the ten-year-old boy set his bread carefully on his knee while he explained his point: "Mother says Aunt Delia loves her bird pretty nigh as well as mother loves us. And I'm sure we don't want anyone to take us away from mother, now do we?" and Teddy glanced at his sister's round face to see if she properly appreciated the grave morality of the matter under discussion.

"Oh, pshaw!" This bit of slang was a new acquisition with Mamie and she brought it in most disconcertingly for the other party's composure of countenance. "But when Aunt Delia has a good time in California, what does she want of a canary?"

Teddy motioned her to listen to the burst of trills and roundelays which interrupted this selfish conversation on the part of tiny Mamie. But with feminine tenacity, she desired the unattainable all the more because of the inconsistency of her desire.

The father appeared at the doorway just then, and he soon cut short all further disputations by requiring their presence at the morning altar of prayer.

It was not the unpicturesque, that quitting of all the youthful gaity and subduing the noisy contests of youth to center around the sitting-room table, Ten serious faces bowed over the thread-bare table-cover while the quaint and unwordly artist-father read some quaint and unworldly sentences from a very unworldly Book, and then bowed among them and lifted up his simple, unworldly soul in prayer to a God who loves just such simplicity and quaintness. And when the prayer included Aunt Delia and even her precious bird which was left in their care, no child thought to do aught but follow the drift of the words in reverence, for were they not all the children of a quaint and unworldly man?

Afterwards, the subject of the bird's home habits came up for friendly dis-

cussion, and Teddy told them that when he visited his Aunt she was in the habit of shutting the windows and doors for awhile once every day and allowing the bird full liberty of the room to exercise the golden wings and to rest the fretted prisoned heart.

"Well now, mother," said Artist John Haven, "what do you say? Shall we risk the matter, and let Mr. Canary have an hour's freedom? Maybe the children won't want to bear the heat of the room if shut up this warm day." Which speech proved that an artist, although extremely sensitive to the soul-needs of even a bird of the air, still had sufficient practicality to prefer the comfort of his children to the pleasure of a winged guest

"Oh father," chorused the children in one breath, "we'll all love to see the bird let loose, and we won't mind the heat, if the birdie don't." And so the discussion proceeded, the comfort and ease of this feathered guest so lately thrust upon them affording as urgent a display of quaint and unusual hospitality as would naturally be expected of this artist-father with his whole brood of gentle and loving children.

The result of the morning's consultation was shown to any passerby in the unusual sight of closely shut windows on a hot August day, and the more unusual spectacle of an entire family engaged in delighted observance of a yellow-coated prisoner's regular taste of liberty.

The daily release of the canary came to be the event of the neighborhood, for everybody loved the quaint artist, and his lovable brood of tender-hearted babies.

But alas! Nothing ever goes just as it should in this world. And right in the midst of one of Mr. Yellow-coat's morning excursions, he spied a negligent open window, and with a rapid flirt of his dapper gold tail, he whisked through the aperture, and before a dozen loving outstretched hands could prevent, the bird-guest was up in the distant apple tree, singing a merry goodby to his whilom entertainers.

"Oh, mother," sobbed Teddy "Aunt Delia will never forgive us." The boy's distress was so genuine and hearty that the twins began to cry in sympathy, and the little mother of the family had all she could do to stop the disconcerting noise of this pair of chubby sentiments.

The father was almost as distressed as was Teddy. They all ran out of doors, and John Haven held the cage enticingly up towards the bird perched in the apple tree, but his feathered majesty did not view a return to prison quarters with quite the same enthusiasm which might be expected of him. He gracefully cocked his tiny head on one side, considered them a moment, and then, with what seemed to Mamie a very vicious second flirt of his golden tail, he flew away to a still more distant apple tree and the whole family were agape with unspoken misery.

Even Mamie could share in the unhappiness of the moment. She could enter into the part of her lonely childless aunt, who loved the canary-bird now flying away from them one and all, and thus transfering his glory of feather and song to other and unknown fields. In fact, the whole family felt as if they had just witnessed a funeral.

The neighbors, who had caught something of the meaning of the catastrophe, came over in various groups, and yet, no one seemed ready with an adequate plan of procedure.

Artist John had stood for some time with his head sunk between his shoulders, nursing his grief and seeking for inward light. Finally he raised his eyes, and with that quaint unworldly shine behind the spectacles upon his nose, he said quietly,

"Friends and children, we are all very much distressed over this domestic calamity. It is more than a common loss, for this bird is the loved companion of my wife's lonely and childless sister. And more than all, it was

left with us as a loving charge, and it grieves me to thus break faith with a friend. If there is a Father in heaven who hears the ravens when they cry, may He not listen to our earnest petition to guide this bird back to our home, and thus deliver us from a broken trust, and my sister from a grievous loss?"

A few of the neighbors who had gathered near, slipped silently away at this childlike suggestion, but most of them, and all the Haven babies turned gravely into the threadbare sitting-room, and then and there Artist John offered up his simple petition for the God of the childlike to hear and answer their prayer.

After, Teddy went swiftly out of the house with the bird cage under his arm.

It was a very close, oppressive day. These people did not know it at the time, but the earth had "slipped a cog" and there had been a grevious earthquake on the distant shores of the Pacific. But whether the vibration could possibly reach so far, there was certainly a most uncommon and gloomy atmosphere about the whole Haven household on this eventful day.

It had only been eight o'clock in the morning when the bird had stolen his freedom and thus deserted his adoring friends and admirers. Now the hours dragged their length from morn to noon, and then the afternoon sun began to throw oppressive shadows from every tree and roof. The twins went about with subdued vitality, and even Mamie was as despondent and cross as a sunny human bird with human singing notes in voice and eyes could ever by any possibility attain. As for Ted, he had completely disappeared.

The little mother began to feel some uneasiness, for Ted had completely forgotten his dinner, and it was unusual for him to remain away for hours at a time, no matter what the provocation.

As for Ted, he was following with aching heart and sodden eyes, the bird in its halting flight from tree to tree, and from farm to farm. At last, he sat down exhausted, and the bird, as if knowing his plight, rested on the topmost limb of a peach tree on the edge of a great orchard, and sat balancing and trilling while the boy cast longing eyes up to the winged songster's inaccesibility. Whatever should he do?

He was sure he had traveled miles and miles, and he was not altogether sure whether he could find his way home over field and fence. But his little heart was so sore, his throat ached so keenly that he was in great uncertainty what to do.

Finally he arose, and as if in response to his silent invitation, the bird again arose on its wings in impish flight, and with a few swirling circles, the jewelled wings cleaved the silent, sparkling blue of the upper distance and with a higher flight than the boy had hitherto seen the bird attempt, the tiny speck of feathered glory cleaved the firmament and sailed right over the great peach orchard ahead of the boy's bruised feet.

Teddy was so dismayed that he could only look and mourn heavily. Then the teachings of a quaint and impractical and heavenly-minded father and mother came surging into his mind, and hurrying into the thicket, he plunged into the very center of the forest of springing fruit-laden trees, and when he was cut off thus from every earthly influence and hope, from even the atmosphere of humanity, he kneeled down in the midst of his leafy covert, and opening the door of the cage, he set it up towards the sky, and there poured forth from his quivering lips and broken heart such a flood of prayer and supplication, that even the heavens and the heart of a bird were moved in response. With a swirling downward flight, the tiny companion of his beloved Aunt Delia, flew and fluttered, right between his upward gaze and the sun, and in a few breathless moments of agonizing watching,

the boy's eyes beheld the object of his faith and despair calmly hop right inside of that cage door and he sprung the door to with such bliss that he was completely overcome with grateful emotion. After his boyish tears and sobs of grateful thanks to God had cleared away his mental excitement, Teddy took up his golden burden, and swiftly traced his homeward way.

That evening, the family discussion was somewhat divided. The news of the California disaster had been flashed over the wire, and a doubting Thomas of a neighbor had suggested that with that peculiar fear of abnormal nature bred in the bone of all speechless creatures, the bird felt the oppression and had accidently dropped in his flight, just as Teddy had kneeled in his tortured prayer; and father John was not unwilling to give a little touch of practicality to the quaintest and queerest of spiritual experiences.

"To think," said the tender, unworldly mother, "that God should even stoop down and listen to a prayer about a bird. How loving and how kind!"

"But what about the earthquake?" asked Artist John.

"Well," replied the mother-heart, "whether it was the vibration of the earthquake or just the direction of an angel to the canary's wings, it was simply a domestic miracle, and we should all thank God from the bottom of our hearts." And you may be sure the Haven family all agreed with this lovely proposition.

And so the bird that flew away, returned again to his cage.

THE CONFLICT

By Coral J. Black.

Hast ever looked, with knowing eye,
  Into thy soul—that inward Fire,
Wherein is constant conflict waged
  Twixt Duty grim and Heat's Desire?
Dost hope to find that perfect state
  Where they in sweet accord shall dwell,
No Truant thoughts nor wishes vain,
  Content that all today is well?

'Tis Heart's Desire points the way
  To roseate heights yet unattained;
To homage, wealth and fame, all thine,
  If once the vantage ground is gained.
Then Duty whispers to thy soul,
  In words the least may understand,
"'Tis not for thee, thy path lies here!"
  We pause 'neath her restraining hand.

Perhaps Desire's hopeful gleam
  Hath saved thee from the Wayside Slough,
And Duty's kindly hand but led
  From reefs, deep hidden from thy view.
The balances are in His hands
  Who knoweth all—the inward Fire,
The soul, the conflict ever waged
  Twixt Duty grim, and Heart's Desire.

Mary's KALEIDOSCOPE

BY · JOHN ··· HENRY ~ EVANS

The Fifth Turn

And so Mary Wentworth began her voyage up the great "Father of Running Waters"—May-see-see-bee, as the Chippewas long ago named the Mississippi river in this musical tongue, as it rolls forever its ribbon of turgid liquid sinuously through one of the two largest and most fruitful valleys in all the world. At least here Mary's kaleidoscope did not miss it very far when it turned into view the gorgeous scenery, which her fancy easily transformed while she ascended the broad current of the stream, with its edges alternately of cities and towns and hamlets, of soggy rice fields, of tall cane forests, of cotton plantations, and of dark woods, heavily draped with Spanish moss.

It was a steamboat—the "City of Quincy"—on which the emigrants took passage for St. Louis—a vessel of sixteen hundred tons burden, with two decks three hundred feet by fifty feet each and plenty of room, as you may well imagine, for all those who had crowded down the gangways of the "Ellen Maria." One of the finest boats of the time, she carried both freight and passengers to and fro between the Cresent City at the mouth of the river and the frontier town twelve hundred miles upstream, where the Missouri empties its mud into the clear Mississippi.

She was a grand affair, was the "City of Quincy." When you stood in her pilot-house, you felt yourself so far above the water that you seemed perched on a mountain. Her decks stretched far away, fore and aft, spacious as a church. Everywhere she was clean and dainty as a drawing-room; and as you looked down her long gilded saloon, you could easily imagine yourself gazing through a splendid tunnel, glittering with no end of prism-fringed chandeliers. On every state-room door was an oil-picture by some gifted sign-painter. Altogether she was a wonderful specimen of river craft.

Mary, with all the Wimbles and the rest of the emigrant company, slept on the decks when the weather was good, as it was most of the time during this voyage. On the coming up of the sun every morning the sleepers would be roused by one of the ship hands, so that the tables might be set for breakfast at seven o'clock. The food was more palatable on the "City of Quincy" than on the "Ellen Maria," the reason being, for one thing, that it was fresher. Often, a dozen lambs could be picked up on the way or a dozen "roaster" pigs, and these were killed and dressed on the boat by one of the assistant cooks. Live poultry was always carried in coops, and killed as wanted.

As for drinking water, Mary and her fellow passengers could never get used to that. Its very appearance was against it, having the sallow complexion of a mulatto. The first time she wanted a drink, Mary dipped up a tumblerful, but when she noticed its color, she quickly set it down to clear itself. On taking it up again, she found fully an inch of sediment in the bottom of the glass. "River tipple" it came to be called, and its ill fame spread as far as the hills of Vermont, to the detriment of the finest of our rivers. Land and water may be all very well, for the Lord created both, as the boat-

hands over and over again assured the passengers of the "City of Quincy" whenever complaints reached their ears, but the "Mormon" emigrants, like the true bibical students they were, always answered that in the beginning, the Lord gathered the land into one place and the waters into another place and that they should always remain so.

* * * * *

There is a great difference, as you can guess, if you do not already know, between a voyage on the ocean, where there is nothing for the eye to rest on except the blue or gray sky and the ever-shifting sea, and a voyage on a broad river like the Mississippi, where you have new objects to look at every hour.

First of all, is the novelty of being on a boat instead of a great ocean liner. Mary could never quite get over the notion that she was actually moving through the land, except of course when a heavy gale chopped up the water underneath her, as happened in passing through the town of Vicksburg. And then, too, there was the bell on the "City of Quincy," with its deep, rich tones, clear and sonorous, which would be perfectly appropriate, she believed, if it were used to call people to church instead of to dinner. Mary often heard the bells of other river boats on their way down stream, but they did not sound half so beautiful as the one on her boat. Maybe that was because these others did not have any significance for her. There is always that to consider, you know, in the things round about us. Still, there was no denying the music of this bell, else Captain Fisher would not have been so proud of it whenever it rang.

Most interesting of all, however, were the "river inspectors," as they were called on account of their always wanting to be in the pilot-house. They were not officers nor "hands" on the "City of Quincy," but rather "visiting pilots," constantly going up and down the river, not because they expected

One of the River Inspectors "looking" for a job.

to get a job, although they always pretended that was what they wanted, but because it was cheaper to do this than to stay ashore and pay board. Of these there were two on the "City of Quincy," all togged out in polished silk hats, elaborate shirt-fronts, diamond breastpins, kid gloves, and patent-leather boots. Imagine a sight like this, if you can, on the "Ellen Maria" or some other sea-going vessel!

And then there were the cities by the way. Always, it seemed, they were passing settlements, some big and some little. At first the passengers were able to see for miles on both sides of the river, on account of the low banks, but the farther up the stream they went, the higher the banks often became.

At New Orleans, where they took the boat, the town had to be protected from the river's overflow by levees.

Here in the soft earth were acres of rice growing beyond the S-shaped city of the Cresent. One hundred seventeen miles upstream was Baton Rouge, where sugar cane grew in the fields. Some of the heavy stalks of this useful plant were brought on board the boat for the inspection of the passengers, who did not at all relish the yellowish and somewhat colorless juice of the plant.

Natchez, Mary would long remember, not merely on account of the dark forests and the Spanish moss, but mainly on account of a story she heard someone tell of the early days of the settlement. It was about the daughter of Cardillac, who fell in love with a rival of her father's in the fur-trading business, young Bienville, but whose father became so infuriated with her for throwing away her affections (so he said) on one altogether beneath her social standing, till one time he noticed that she had grown pale and silent, whereupon he sent for the young man and there and then offered him the hand of his daughter in marriage. But Bienville, whether because he did not return her love or whether he feared this to be a ruse, rejected the offer. At any rate, Mary tried for days and days to think out some happy ending for the story, but the more she thought the less she was satisfied with the result, and so there was nothing to do but let the poor French maiden pine away for her lover and finally die and be buried in a lonely forest grave—as really had happened.

And so to Vicksburg, where during the Civil War General Grant was to force a surrender from the inhabitants of the bluffs along the river here; to Memphis; to Cairo, where the Ohio river empties itself into the Mississippi; and finally to St. Louis, where the passengers of the "City of Quincy" would take wagons, even now in course of preparation, a thousand miles over plain and hill to the Great Basin. The largest of these towns was then, and still is, St. Louis, which had a population at the time of a little more than half of what Salt Lake City has to-day.

The pilot knew the river so thoroughly that he could call off the name of any point or curve or town in the blackest night, and land without the least difficulty. It was an uncanny sixth sense these old sea-dogs had come into possession of. For you must remember that those were not the days of the electric bulb, nor the gas jet, nor even the oil-lamp. Nevertheless, they could pick out the town with the most unerring certainty—those old pilots of the Mississippi steamboat.

One of these landings made a particular impression on Mary. It was the middle of the night, when the noises were greater than usual—noises of the discharge and taking on of freight, the shouting of orders, the escaping of steam. The sight was even more impressive than the sounds. For everywhere men were hurrying to and fro in the half-darkness, the torch-lights being wholly inadequate for the purpose. These torch-lights were in themselves very interesting. Southern pine full of resinous sap, with split "light-wood" or "fat-wood," was put into iron baskets about twelve inches deep, which hung loosely under the prongs of a forked iron bar. Each of these, when lighted and placed on the deck or landing would illumine the place for hundreds of feet around. The resin would flare up, giving out volumes of smoke and throwing off drops of melting tar, which would drop out into the water, burning and sizzling and smoking till it went out. All this light and sound and activity gave this particuar landing a kind of weirdness that took hold of Mary's imagination, all too active as it was. On this occasion she happened to see two boyish faces and shoulders framed in the upper window of a ware-house. They, too, were thrilled by the picturesque and animated scene.

* * * * *

It was a night scene also that gave for a time not only to Mary, but to

everyone else on the boat, even to the captain and the pilot, as good a scare as anyone has a right to expect in a world that is chock full of scares.

Half-past eleven o'clock it was by the captain's watch. Captain Fisher knew it to be half-past eleven because Harris, the pilot, had just asked him the time, and he had looked and told him to the second. Everyone was asleep—the emigrants, the "hands," the officers, except those who were on watch. The captain himself, as a matter of fact, lay down on the sofa as soon as he had given Harris the time, and began to doze off, although he was on watch too. The boat was between Cairo and St. Louis, having left Cairo in the evening. It was between the changes of the moon that this event happened—a beautiful starlit night, as fine as you could expect or hope for, on land or sea.

Presently the stars began to fade by ones and by clusters, and the light began to make its appearance as in the dawn, only there was no dawn. Pretty soon—that is to say, in about thirty minutes—it was broad daylight. It was as bright as any day you ever saw when the sun was behind a cloud.

Harris woke up the captain out of his doze—which wasn't difficult. He shouted to him, "What time did you say it was, sir?"

The captain looked at his watch, he looked out at the growing light all around, then he stared at his watch once more.

"Harris," he yelled, a scared look over-spreading his face—"Harris, for God's sake, land the boat! The world's coming to an end!"

"If the world's coming to an end, we might as well be in the middle of the river as anywhere else," the pilot shouted back at him. And he kept on going.

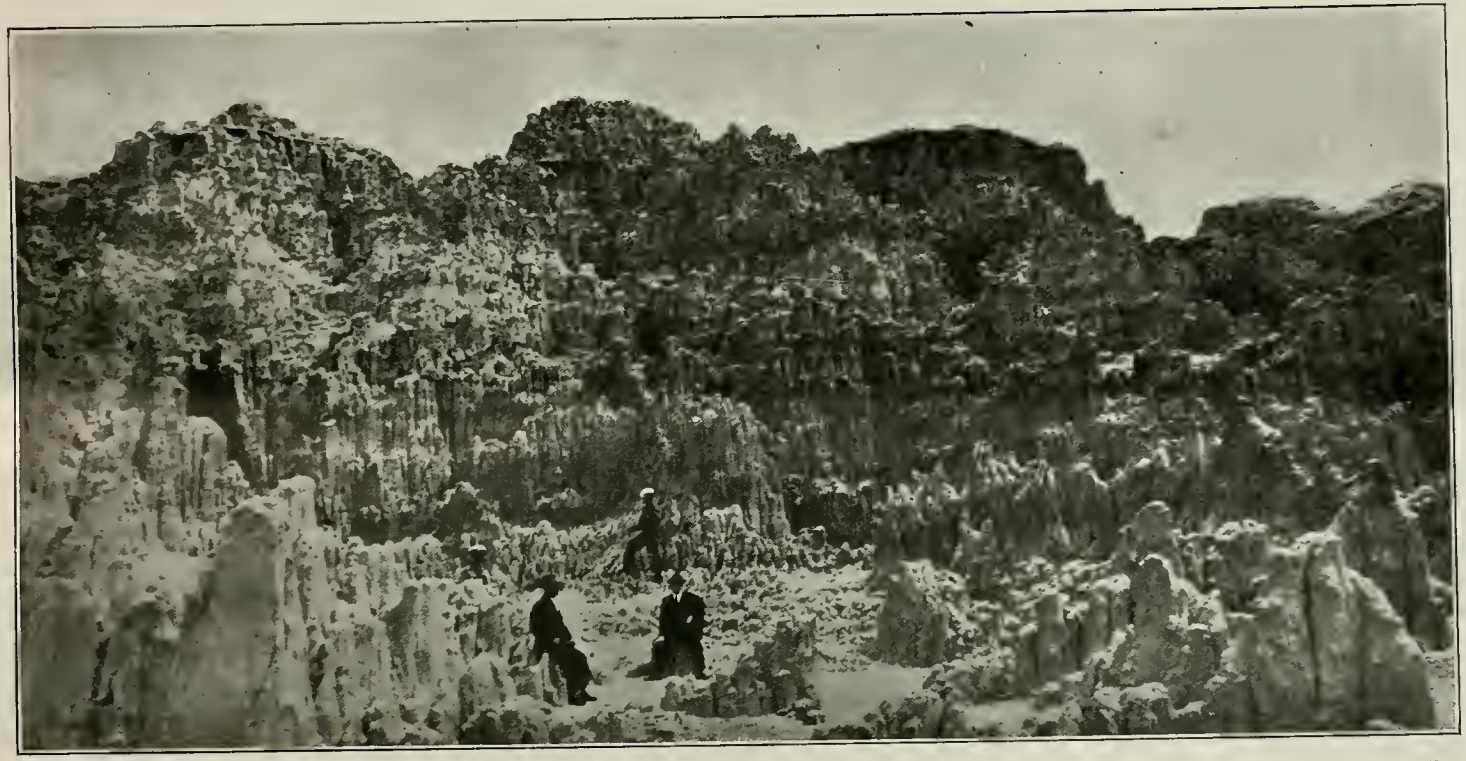
Meantime, the sleepers on the decks were waking up and staring about in a dazed manner, as of something they were trying to straighten out in their minds. Gradually the true situation began to dawn upon them. Then they too became alarmed. As fast as anyone of them came to a realization of what had happened, he rose and went about asking questions in whispers. But no one else knew anything more just then than he did, and so all the questions of all the people went unanswered.

The light had taken half an hour to come on, it had remained at its full for a time, then it had gradually become dark during another half hour. Similarly the passengers on the boat had roused gradually, had stayed up in great activity for some time, and then had gone back to bed. It reminded you of chickens during an eclipse of the sun, disappearing when it became dark and then coming out again with the return of the sun. Only, in this case it was the reverse.

As for the pilot, he kept at his wheel, scared but not daring to show it. For he had the safety of four hundred people on his hands. As the familiar stars began to appear in the sky once more, his anxiety lessened, and when it became dark again, his mind was at peace. But, just the same, next morning his hair had turned white, it was observed.

Everyone went back to bed, but not to sleep. The event furnished food for thought for the rest of the night, and food for conversation the remainder of the voyage. The Elders on board explained the strange incident as one of the signs of the times, through which the Lord was endeavoring to warn the nation of some impending calamity to them. Since that time many have come to look at this and other similar occurences that happened before the War as the finger of God pointing to repentance on the part of the people of this nation.

(*To be continued*)



Cathedral Gulch, Nevada *Photo by H. R. Merrill.*

THE HOLY CITY

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, " * * * The first things are passed away." And he that sitteth on the throne said, "Behold, I make all things new." Rev. 21:1-5.

By Harold H. Jenson.

JOHN R. YOUNG.

Pioneer life, as it was in the days gone, with vivid recollections of the days of yesterday, were recalled by John R. Young, of Blanding, Utah, to the writer, in an interview some time ago, which is so replete with romance and adventure that it is given here especially for the readers of the "Juvenile Instructor." Brother Young had many encounters with Indians and experienced much of the suffering and trials of pioneer life. He is a brother of the late Lorenzo Sobriskie Young, the last member of the original company. Mr Young is now 87 years of age, and at 84 completed a trip from Blanding, Utah, to Shelley, Idaho, by team, sleeping at night like the Indians used to, on the ground. He lost an arm through an accident in Mexico and yet is hale and hearty. This aged pioneer has a good memory and can recall events very clearly. He is an author and poet and has published a book telling his own experiences.

Following is his story: "You ask why it was my brother happened to come with the first company and we other children were left behind. He was too young to be left, hence father and mother took him with them, while we remained with our uncle and followed in the fall of 1847. I was nine years of age then and distinctly remember the valley as I first saw it. In fact, my description as published, is something like this: Salt Lake as it looked in the fall of 1847, was a desert and desolate plain. It was an alkali region, inhabited chiefly by Indians and wild animals.'

"My first experience with Indians was watching them beg for food in those early days. One tragedy I will never forget. Two of the brethren came across two Indian girls. One had passed to the Great Beyond, so great had been her suffering, and the other, whom we later named Sally, was in a terrible condition. The fleshy parts of her body had been lacerated with butcher knives and fire brands. Her head had been shingled. Her body and back were bleeding terribly and she was covered with blood and ashes and was gaunt from hunger. It seemed she was being punished by a rival tribe for some misdeed. She was taken in by the pioneers who looked after her, and soon she was on the road to recovery. Later, she became a strong, healthy Indian maiden and married Chief Kanosh. Around this romance several books have been published.

"I also remember a big Indian coming to my mother's door for food. We gave him what we had, but he said he wanted white bread. Mother had none, and it looked like trouble when our faithful house dog, who happened to be in the house, was set loose on the red man and he made off in a quick manner.

"I was called to go back after emigrating emigrants nine different times, and acted a Church teamster in crossing the plains. We had many interesting experiences, too many to enumerate.

"We used to have great trouble with wolves in early days, for Indians had a tradition and would never kill one. They claimed there was a relationship between them. This made it difficult for the sheep. I remember how father kept losing members of his herd, until we built a sort of a house corral to

keep them in. We thought surely they would be safe there, but two wolves in the dead of night tunneled under, and in the morning, four sheep had been killed. They could not get out, and hence the wolves were defiantly guarding one corner, while the frightened sheep crowded in the other. We soon killed the wolves and later poisoned a carcass of an ox and killed twenty-two in this manner.

"I also remember being called to bring back colonizers from the Muddy. I went with the late Joseph F. Smith and others on the first mission to the Sandwich Islands. We traveled over the southern route to California, then made our way by boat up to San Francisco and then after months of travel, worked our way to the Islands, as we had no money. This could well be called traveling without purse or script. Several wonderful events took place which helped us along. At one time a man came up and gave me money without my even asking, which enabled me to continue my journey.

"One experience I shall never forget. That was when a centipede stung President Smith in the eye. We were young lads then and had been sleeping on the ground. His eye turned black, and yet he had faith he would be healed. After four administrations he was healed and we rejoiced in this wonderful miracle. I held his head in my arms for hours. We also knew what it was to go hungry and go scantily clad many a time, yet our three or four years' mission on the islands was the happiest time of our lives.

"Later, after my return, I was called to help with the United Order, at Orderville. This means no rich, no poor, and all work and share equally. I believe the United Order could have been carried on successfully. It was not because of selfishness it was discontinued, but because President Brigham Young, that guiding star, passed to the other side. If he had lived, I think it would have been successful. When I went on a mission, my family were taken care of by the order, and we didn't have to worry about them. We also lived happily and contented together.

"Salt Lake City has sure grown and developed since that early period. No one would know even any of the settlements since that early day. I thought as I journeyed from my far away home, My, what progress! What changes! I also recall how much farther ahead we are here than in Mexico. I was sent down there and helped colonize, but later left when many came back here. Although I was over the border, I can't claim much honor there, but I have been a frontiersman all my life."

Brother Young met with a terrible tragedy while coming from Mexico. A gun in the wagon in which they were traveling accidentally discharged. The bullet not only severed his arm, but killed a child who was in a woman's arms and also injured the woman.

"Blessed Be Cheerfulness"

Blessed be cheerfulness! It is promise at the dawn. It is preparative of rest when we lie down to sleep at night. It is coin current in all social experiences. It is like a wholesome breath of outdoor air in stuffy rooms. It is a claim on attention and remembrance. It is even an element in the divine satisfaction when we are told that "God loveth a cheerful giver." When the cynic and the grumbler come into the room we are glad of an excuse to leave. When some cheerful soul comes breezing in we sit up and pay attention and forget our grudges against life and fate. And in our most discontented hours, even when we take pains to conceal our own disheartenments, are we not inclined to be intolerant of other people's gloom?

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

President Heber J. Grant, Editor
George D. Pyper, Associate Editor
Albert Hamer Reiser, Business Manager

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Salt Lake City - - July, 1925

Concerning Prayer

The Literary Digest for June 27, 1925, reviewing the lectures on "Science and Religion," delivered in New York by J. Arthur Thomas, Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen, Scotland, quotes the Professor, on the subject of prayer, as follows:

"A well-educated modern man has a conception of the Order of Nature which forbids him expecting or wishing any providential intervention for his own sake. We may pray for peace, if only since part of the answer comes in the asking; but we do not any longer pray for rain."

From another learned writer, a minister, we get the following:

"Prayer is an art, a science, and it must be learned by studying its laws and submitting to them in our experiments in praying. All the great geniuses in the realm of prayer have understood the necessity of studying carefully all the laws of prayer."

To a Latter-day Saint these ideas concerning prayer have not the right ring. To be tied down to principles of art and science in prayer would take the heart out of it. Looking for a better definition we turn to the inspired teachings of our late President Joseph F. Smith, who says:

"True, faithful, earnest prayer consists more in a feeling that rises from the heart and from the inward desire of our spirits to supplicate the Lord in humility and in faith, that we may receive His blessings. It matters not how simple the words may be if our desires are genuine and we come before the Lord with a broken heart and a contrite spirit to ask Him for that which we need. Where is there a soul upon the earth that does not need something that the Almighty can give? * * * We do not have to cry unto Him with many words. What we should do as Latter-day Saints, for our own good, is to go before Him often to witness unto Him that we remember Him and that we are willing to take upon us His name, and keep His commandments with righteousness; and that we desire His Spirit to help us. Then if we are in trouble let us go to the Lord and ask Him directly and specifically to help us out of the trouble we are in; and let the prayer come from the heart * * * Let us speak the simple words expressing our need that will appeal most directly to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. He can hear in secret; and He knows the desires of our hearts before we ask, but he has made it obligatory and a duty that we shall call upon His name; that we shall ask that we may receive; and knock that it may be opened unto us, and seek that we may find."

How like an inspired Prophet are these simple words as compared with those first quoted! How like the teachings of the Master who gave us the

Lord's Prayer as an example! There is no art in it, no science; just a simple exposition of how to pray. So, when we lack rain, let's pray for it; and likewise with our every righteous unselfish need.

TRIBUTE TO OUR GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT

Superintendent David O. McKay recently attended a Conference of the Maricopa Stake, and while there met with the Sunday School Stake Board, presided over by Supt. G. C. Spilsbury. After considering Sunday School conditions, a veritable love feast was enjoyed by those in attendance and the expressions of love and esteem printed below were read. Could a survey be made, the same feeling of satisfaction and confidence in the leadership of our beloved superintendent would be found to exist in every stake of Zion.

Brother McKay: We, the Maricopa Stake Board, feeling that it is better to pay our tribute, and speak our words of honest praise to those we love while they are still with us, rather than wait until they are gone, wish to express to you this morning, our sincere and heartfelt love for you, and our confidence in you as Superintendent of the great organization of the Sunday School of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; we want to say that you are an inspiratiion to us in this wonderful work, and we hope to be able in a small way to emulate your wonderful example:

Our beloved Superintendent,
  Apostle David O. McKay,
We wish to pay you tribute
  On this Holy Sabbath Day.
We feel blessed to have you with us,
  Our Stake Board would have you know,
And our thoughts and prayers are with you,
  No matter where you go.

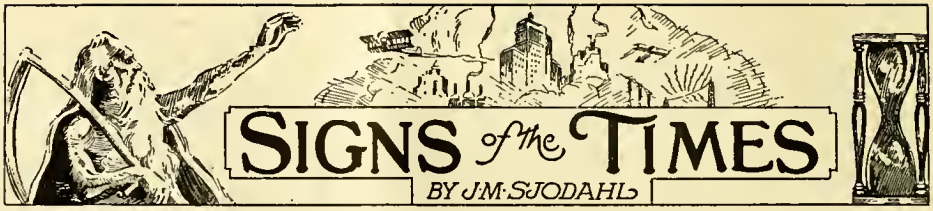
In the years you've spent in Europe,
  In unselfish service true,
You've been greatly missed in Zion
  By the young and old folks, too.
Yes, they've missed your words of counsel,
  So sincere and wise and true,
And they've missed your hearty handclasp
  And your smile of greeting, too.

'Tis not often we are privileged
  Thus to have you with us here,
Our inspired prophet, leader,
  Our Superintendent dear.
Yet because of your example
  And your life so clean and pure,
All the Sunday Schools are striving
  To do better work, I'm sure.

Like unto the lowly Master,
  You are teaching men each day
How to live this glorious Gospel,
  How to walk the narrow way.
May our dear, kind Heavenly Father
  Richest blessings give to you,
That you may find satisfaction
  In the work you're called to do.

May He bless you on your journey
  To the various stakes, we pray,
That no accident or trouble
  May befall you on your way.
That you may return in safety
  To the ones you love so dear,
That they may enjoy your presence
  And your words of love and cheer.

—By Ethel R. Lillywhite.



Modernists and Fundamentalists

One of the outstanding features of our day is the conflict raging between Modernists and Fundamentalists.

The Presbyterians particularly are affected by this controversy. Their General Assembly at Columbus, Ohio, which adjourned May 27, declared that the Presbyterian Confession of Faith includes belief in the Virgin Birth. This was directed against the Presbytery in New York, where two ministers had been licensed, who denied this doctrine. The Modernists at Columbus declared that if this action of the Assembly is upheld, there will be a split in the Presbyterian church.

The Baptists are facing the same problem. A missionary of that faith was recently asked: "Do you believe in the Virgin Birth?"

"I think not," was his answer.

"Do you believe in miracles?"

"I think not."

"Do you believe in the bodily resurrection?"

"I think not."

"Do you believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures?"

"I think not."

I quote this because it is characteristic of the entire Modernist creed, which is essentially a creed of negation instead of affirmation.

If the Modernists should tell us in a few plain words just what they believe, they would have to say something like this:

We believe in God, invisible, intangible and incomprehensible, but not in His Son, Jesus Christ, nor in the Holy Ghost.

We do not believe in the ordinances of the gospel; nor in divine authority.

We do not believe that apostles, prophets, evangelists, etc, are needed.

We do not believe in the gift of tongues, prophecies, or any other miracles.

We do not believe that the Bible is the word of God.

We do not believe that God has revealed anything, or that He now reveals anything, nor that He ever will reveal anything.

That would be the Modernist creed, if stated honestly and without camouflage. And with such negation of every Christian doctrine, they propose to reform and save the world. Dr. Fosdick recently said:

> "Dangerous things are afoot in the moral life of our time and you cannot meet them with conventional Christianity. The younger generation is rebellious, impatient of conventional Christianity. It must be vital Christianity that gets them if anything will."

I ask, can a denial of everything be "vital Christianity?" Can that "get" the intelligent youth? We might as well try to save a drowning man by offering him a string of words instead of a life line.

Every sect seems at present to be affected by this strange conflict.

The Evolution Controversy

Closely connected with this question is the controversy concerning evolution.

A Tennessee school teacher, John F. Scopes, started something when he violated the anti-evolution law of the state, in order to have its constitutionality tested.

What is the theory of evolution?

It is an attempt to explain the process by which the existing forms of life—plant, animal, man—originated. Darwin in his "Origin of Species," reverently traced the beginning to God, who, he says, breathed life with its

several powers into a few forms, or into one form, and he adds that "from this simple beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved."

That is the Darwinian theory in a nutshell, and many who claim to believe in evolution, take this view and trace the beginning of the process to God, the Creator. Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, the other day represented the Christian conception of evolution when he said:

"Science, today, whatever else it may have accomplished, demonstrated that the universe is constructed on a plan and has been created according to laws which operate daily. These results not only suggest, but they demand a planner and a creator and a law giver. Reason cannot go so far as to discover these laws without going a step further, to the Creator, discerning some of His attributes by the things He has done."

But that is not what is generally understood by the evolutionary theory. the so-called scientific view of it has no room for a creation or a Creator. Zollner says:

"The hypothesis of an act of creation would not be a logical, but merely arbitrary limitation of the causal series, against which our intellect rebels by reason of its inherent craving for causality."

Modern evolutionists accept this. To them creation is merely an hypothesis, repugnant to human intellect, which demands a cause for every effect. To them God is not a sufficient Cause. We may have our own ideas of evolution, but if we, with Darwin, accept God as the First Cause, and the ever present Cause, our ideas are not scientific. Modern evolution, as taught by many, is, therefore, atheism, pure and simple.*

That, however, might not justify anybody in rejecting it, if it were true, since truth is truth always, everywhere. But it is not an established truth. It is merely a theory, not proved. By the demonstration of the Mendelian law of heredity, it has been all but disproved. As I understand it, while that law makes it believable that, for instance, the Indian and African elephants may have come from one stock, and that both may be the descendants of the Mammoth, the same law bars us from believing that the elephant and the whale, let us say, are related by descent. For, according to this law, variations are not, as some seem to think, unlimited in number, but confined within rather narrow boundaries, over which they never stray. Alfred Russel Wallace recognized this when he said:

"On the general relation of Mendelism to evolution, I have come to a very definite conclusion. This is, that it has no relation whatever to the evolution of species or higher groups, but is really antagonistic to such evolution. The essential basis of evolution, involving as it does the most minute and all-pervading adaption to the whole environment, is extreme and ever-present plasticity, as a condition of survival and adaptation. But the essence of Mendelion characters is their rigidity."

It is evident from what is said here, that the controversy is not between ignorance and credulity on one side, and scientific truth on the other. It is between faith in the revealed word of God and a negative philosophy, which demands acceptance without sufficient philosophic basis. Mr. Bryan is absolutely right in these assertions:

"Scientists have never been able to trace a connection between any two of the million species of animal life, yet they presume to say that man springs from one of them. We object to having the guesses of scientists taught as real truths."

And yet, we are asked to permit school teachers to tell children that evolution is a scientifically established truth, at the same time we exclude the Bible from the class room.

Control of Arms Sale

The international conference at Geneva on the control of traffic in arms,

*"For all who are not satisfied with belief in miracles and subjection to the hypothesis of revelation, nothing remains but the doctrine of descent."—Oscar Schmidt, Prof. University of Strasburg.

which adjourned June 17, did not accomplish a great deal. Eighteen nations agreed to make public all international sales and purchase of arms, but exceptions were made of battleships, guns and explosives not exclusively used for war purposes. Twenty-seven nations agreed to outlaw the use of poison gas and bacteria against other nations who sign this agreement. That was all. Yet, such conferences are not in vain. They help guiding public opinion in the right direction, until it shall be possible to outlaw war itself, as its close relatives, slavery, human sacrifices and canibalism have been outlawed.

The Trouble in China

The latest word from China is not reassuring. At Shanghai, Canton, and other places demonstrations against foreigners have taken place, and the old cry against "foreign devils" has been heard again. Blood has been shed in several places.

This movement is anti-Christian. A young men's society is responsible for it. They are holding meetings and denouncing all religion, and especially Christianity, as dangerous. And behind these misguided young men stands Russian bolshevism. Zinobieff, the leader of the third internationale, said the other day that the events in Asia and Morocco are the "sheet lightnings of the world revolution." The dangerous spot of the world at present is the headquarters of the enemies of God and man.

A World Burning

From Buenos Aires came a report on June 18, that the new star first seen at Cape Town a few weeks ago, had become visible there. The star steadily increased in brilliance for 15 days and attained the maximum on June 9; then the light began to wane. Astronomers observed certain peculiarities in the spectrum, which led them to believe that they were witnessing the awe-inspiring spectacle of a world burning—a universe in flames.

This report should be read in connection with 2 Pet. 3:3-7: "There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. For this they willingly are ignorant of, that by the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water; whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished. But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men."

That is the lesson of the burning world. This world, once purified by water will, next, be purified in a baptism of fire.

Contentment

Let us learn to be content with what we have. Let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; vines our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of genius; a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or sorrow; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love; and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.—*David Swing.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, David O McKay, Stephen L. Richards and Geo. D. Pyper

Prelude

Andante. Legato. MARY A. PACKHAM.

p 8 ft. stops. *Rit*

SACRAMENT GEM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1925.

(D. S. S. U. Songs, No. 289.)

"May the grace of Christ, our Savior,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above."

Postlude

8 and 4 ft. stops. *off 4 ft. stops.*

Legato. p *f* *p* *pp*

Bass marcato.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1925.

(St. John, chapter 15, verse 4.)

"Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me."

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, **we must continue to be led by the servants of the Lord?**

The Latter-day Saints feel that whatever good moral and spiritual conditions are found in the world today, they are due primarily to the inspired leadership of God's chosen servants throughout the ages. The voices of such inspired men as Amos calling us to brotherly love, of Hosea calling us to family duty; of Christ calling us to the new experiment of loving one's enemies, have changed the views of the world. In our own day the inspired views of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young founded a new church firmly on the rock of eternal truth. This Church has prospered and has helped spiritually and economically millions of humanity, just as did the work of inspired leaders of far off ages in the Church of God. Those who were submissive to inspired leadership in past ages became a great people. The lessons of history and of reason teach that we too must continue to be lead by the servants of God.

For many reasons we may pin our faith to our leaders. First: They possess all down through the Church a **peculiar fitness** for their work. **Fidelity** to the work of the Lord is the first requisite to their choosing. In the presentation of the subject, elicit answers to these questions: How has the president of the Church shown his faithfulness? How his counselors? The Twelve? Have not your local officers, stake president, bishop, etc., proved their worthiness through service rendered? At the Battle of Crecy, Edward, the Black Prince, son of Edward I was in great danger. Messengers hastened to the King, telling of the Prince's plight, and asking the father to send aid. The answer was, "Let him fight bravely his own battle. Thus shall he win his spurs." Our leaders have fought their way up. This has given them great experience in meeting situations as they arise. No church ever had a band of leaders of greater practical experience than ours. They are fitted for their work because **sacrifice** has brought heaven's blessings upon them and filled them with **the Spirit of God.** They are peculiarly fit **because of the high type of personality** they have developed through their broad experiences. Finally, their positions have sought them. They often feel crushed when called to the great positions they hold. **Their motives** are thus right. They cannot be accused of selfishness or **materialism** because of the positions they hold. Surely, men of fidelity, possessed of the Spirit of the Lord, possessed of a high type of personality, and having right motives to guide them will help a people by their inspired leadership. But all these considerations are not enough.

Secondly, leaders must be properly chosen. It is hard for some people to feel that this is the case in our system. The right of nomination rests with the Priesthood. Some think this undemocratic. They forget that political science more and more feels that very few names should appear on the ballot. The "short ballot" is more sane than the "long." In our Church a great variety of leaders are needed. Who would choose the better bishop?—the stake presidency and High Council, or the masses of the ward? The people as a whole don't see clearly the needs of the moment. They don't understand human nature. They don't see the innermost workings of the heart. The proper authorities know the man and the use they have for him better than the masses. Copper is the best metal for radio work. Iron would never do. Why? The masses really don't possess the selective power necessary to give us the best leadership.

Not only are our leaders fit for their work and properly chosen, but

Thirdly, they are endowed with the strength of the authority of the Lord. A great power comes to them through their ordination. "And Joshua, the son of Nan was full of the spirit of wisdom; for Moses had laid his hands upon him." (Deut. 34:9.) The apostles of Jesus were likewise blessed. (See John 15:16.)

Finally, the test of results should give us full confidence in our leaders and make us feel that if ever we are to attain to a high degree of perfection as a people it will be because we have confidence in, and accept the guidance of our inspired officers. The history of our Church is a glorious record of achievement. Discuss with your class its achievements.

Superintendents' Problems

Enrollment of Pupils

During the recent visits of members of the General Board to Stake Unions it has developed that many Superintendents have taken a rather strict view of the rule concerning the enrollment of new pupils in Sunday School. So strictly

do some follow the old rule that new members should attend four sessions in succession before enrollment that many pupils who otherwise should be enrolled are denied that privilege.

The rule as now expressed by the General Board is as follows: Children of regular Church members, upon moving into the Ward or who are residing in the Ward, should be enrolled in the Sunday School upon their first attendance. In the case of residents of the Ward who are not members, the Superintendents should enroll pupils when assured that they will continue to attend, and that attendance of three or four times, not necessarily in succession, should be sufficient to assure the Superintendent of intention on the part of the pupil to attend regularly.

Late Comers

The question of admitting pupils during the opening exercises of the School has again been brought before the General Board, and the following was the sentiment of the Board on this subject: That the policy of the Board be to advise against keeping pupils out of the Sunday School during the singing ot the songs; that care be taken to avoid disturbances of the Sunday School through the entrance of pupils during any part of the Sacrament. In other words, that the pupils be not admitted during the opening prayer, recitation of the Sacrament Gem, and the blessing on the bread and water, and that when admitted at other times that they be directed to take their seats quietly or to occupy a bench at the rear of the hall provided for the late comers.

In the application of this rule good judgment should be used, especially in winter time where there is no shelter provided for tardy ones. Care should be used that our children are not subjected to the dangers of inclement weather.

Notices in the Sunday School

The observation of some of the members of the General Board in making visits is to the effect that the rule of the Board requiring notices to be given out in the Sunday School before the opening exercises, has been changed and notices in some instances are given at the close of the Sunday School. This the General Board believes is wrong. There is a particular season for fixing the time of presenting the notices at the beginning of the session and that reason is that the children on leaving the Sunday School should have indelibly impressed on their minds the lessons of the day rather than the various notices that might be presented at the close of the session. We have been advised that in many instances the Sunday School is really a clearing house for all the notices of moving pictures, and recreational activities of the Ward. This, the General Board believes to be a mistake. There is a possibility that it may neutralize the best efforts of efficient Sunday School teachers. It is hoped that the rule which has been adopted and which has been approved by the Stake Superintendents will be adhered to, and that notices shall be read at the time suggested in the order of exercises, and then only those notices should be given which apply to Sunday School work, or those which are desired by the Bishop. The General Board believes that a bulletin board should be used instead of utilizing the Sunday School for miscellaneous advertising. In the opinion of the General Board, the order and dignity of the Sunday School will be better maintained if all notices, except those desired to be made by the Bishop, are presented by a member of the Superintendency .

"The Children Are Calling"

What the General Board is Doing to Touch the Lives of the Children

(Response of **Alfred C. Rees**, Representing the General Board, at the Conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union, Held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, April 6, 1925)

When we beheld this impressive picture, with the little children surrounding the Superintendent of the Sunday Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, whom they love and honor and revere, our minds must have gone back to that sublime picture of all times, when the Master Himself called the little children to come unto Him, and again the experience of the Nephites upon this continent, when it is said that so impressive was the scene that even the angels came down to minister unto them.

The members of the General Board delight to think that they are not removed from the life of the child; that they enjoy that intimate contact with children that makes it possible for them to make their contribution to the cause and in a way answer successfully this call of the children. They like to think of this great work as one of erecting a magnificent soul structure. In the erection of any edifice, each one must find his own place.

If you or I had in mind erecting a building, our first thought would be to visualize the thing which we had in mind. We must project ourselves into the future. We must see the whole building in its entirety. In other words, we create the building spiritually before it becomes a material realization. And so the General Board consider that they serve in the capacity of erecting this great structure spiritually before you thousands of workers actually create it materially. May we say, and would it be presumptous to declare that we are the architects that furnish to you the plans, the blueprints, the specifications, and through the instrumentality of the Juvenile Instructor lay before you our conception of what the teacher should be?

And what facilities have we at our command to draw such specifications? These men come entirely from the active field of teaching. They have taught in the schools; they have acted in th local school superintendencies; they have served on stake boards; they have stood at the head as stake superintendents, and they have been called to this position as members of the General Board. With this wealth of experience, they look over the field and know in a way the needs and requirements of these boys and girls whose companionship you enjoy each Sabbath day. With this in mind, they lay before you first the materials. Just as in this magnificent edifice [the Tabernacle] different localities have made a contribution to furnish the materials, so the General Board seeks out the text books that will serve you to erect your own building in your own classroom. This material is decided upon and given to you through the Juvenile Instructor. We then partition it through the year, indicating to you how much shall be done each day; in other words, what shall constitute a day's labor?

More than that, we hope that in presenting you the general plan of teaching, that there shall be something to serve you to see the thing before you actually build. In order that no misconceptions may arise, in each lesson there are given you two outstanding questions, that your thought may be invited to the theme in hand. With these thought-provoking questions presented to you, you the thousands of workers find that your minds are directed in the same general channel. You then will be able to build more perfectly, more unifiedly the general conception of the great Sunday School organization.

But what about the other material? Sometimes we have to go far, even as Solomon in the erection of his Temple produced the cedars from Lebanon. He brought to that edifice the material desired. So, from the libraries at hand, we indicate to you the extra material, the collateral material that you should bring in in order that your building may be sound, that all the embellishments may be at hand to construct a beautiful and a sound building.

But more than that, men sometimes become so engrossed in their own work that they fail to see things in the right perspective. Sometimes we are so close to our own work that we fail to see that it lacks beauty and symmetry. So every three months we lay before you two or three important questions. We take you by the hand and ask you to step a few paces away from the actual building and see whether it meets your conception of the ideal. And how better could you learn how well you have built than to have your own boys and girls tell you, as a result of this quarterly review? They tell you in no unmistakable tones the effect and the influence of your teaching and your personality upon their lives.

But we must enjoy contact as architects and those who see the plans in their entirety. There are supervisors, there are foremen, there are contractors in every building, and so we have the stake organizations. We meet with them and in their hands we place certain responsibilities of supervision; so, through this intermediary, the stake organization, we meet in annual convention and see that we have a complete understanding as to what shall go into the program of teaching; and they in turn, as they will tell you tonight, perform their work consistent with the plans of the General Board.

Then, through the General Board you are furnished with a general plan of supervision of teaching. The whole conception of your building is given you, with the materials, the ways and means of building, the specifications, the plans, the message of contact with the lives of the boys and girls—all indicated in the **Juvenile Instructor.** And who is the builder that will attempt to build without specifications? Who, among all the teaching forces of the Church, would presume to teach without having in hand that handbook of specifications, the **Juvenile Instructor**; or who would refrain from attending these annual conventions, where we in turn enjoy that sympathetic relationship and come to a common understanding as to how we shall build?

Then, what is our final aspiration and hope, brethren and sisters, you thousands of workers? That when we have made this contribution to you, feeling as we

do that through you we are reaching the child, we hope that when these materials are placed in your hands; when these methods are suggested to you; when the opportunity is afforded you every three months to stand and behold your handiwork, that you may say as did He who created the earth, "It is good," and that when the Sabbath arrives you may say in your own hearts: "Build thou more stately mansions, O my soul," in order that these cherished tenants, the ones who shall occupy the spiritual mansion, may be able to carry on and thus perpetuate the great work of our Heavenly Father.

Plan for Memorizing the Articles of Faith

By E. Frank Soderberg

GOD—	1.	We believe in *God* the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.
MEN—	2.	We believe that *men* will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgressions.
MANKIND—	3.	We believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all *mankind* may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.
4 PRINCIPLES—	4.	We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.
HANDS—	5.	We believe that a man must be called of God, by "prophecy, and by the laying on of *hands*," by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.
6 OF APRIL—	6.	We believe in the same *organization* that existed in the primitive church, namely, apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.
7 TONGUES—	7.	We believe in the gift of *tongues*, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.
TRANSLATE—	8.	We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is *translated* correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.
DIVINE—	9.	We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.
10 TRIBES—	10.	We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the *Ten Tribes*. That Zion will be built upon this continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisical glory.
ODD ONE—	11.	*We claim* the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.
12 KINGS—	12.	We believe in being subject to *kings*, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honor and sustaining the law.
13 COR.—	13.	We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to ALL MEN; indeed we may say that we follow the *admonition of Paul*, "*We believe all things, we hope all things*, we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

Notes

The first article refers to God.
The second article refers to men.
The third article refers to mankind. In memorizing these first three we remember that God is first; men second; and mankind third, in order.
The fourth article refers to the first four principles of the Gospel.
The fifth refers to "Laying on of Hands." Hands suggest five fingers.
The sixth article refers to organization and is suggestive of the sixth of April, the date on which the Church was organized.
The seventh article refers to tongues; being plural we say seven tongues.
Number eight rhymes with translate. (8 witnesses.)
Number nine rhymes with divine,—revelations.
The tenth article refers to the ten tribes.
The eleventh article we remember as the odd one and commences with "We claim, etc."
The twelfth article refers to kings; kings being plural we say, twelve kings.
The thirteenth article refers to a passage in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Committee: Charles B. Felt, Chairman; Harold G. Reynolds, Henry H. Rolapp and Robert L. Judd

WORK FOR SEPTEMBER, 1925.

(For Sunday Schools having only three departments)

Theological—Text: "Outlines of Ecclesiastical History," by B. H. Roberts.

Intermediate—Text: "Our Church and People," by John Henry Evans.

Primary—Text: "Bible and Church History Stories."

See respective departments, this issue, for outlines.

CHORISTERS and ORGANISTS' DEPARTMENT

Edward P. Kimball, Chairman; Tracy Y. Cannon, and P. Melvin Petersen

Uniform Fast Day Song

Select some song that fits in with the theme "We must continue to be led by the servants of the Lord;" "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet" would be very appropriate. Perhaps you have in mind some other.

SONG ANALYSIS

"Father, Thy Children to Thee now Raise"—(No. 190, D. S. S. Songs.)

By Tracy Y. Cannon.

Words and music of this hymn are by Evan Stephens. It is a song of thanksgiving but may be appropriately used as a pioneer song, since the second verse refers to the coming of the pioneers to this "favored land."

It is suggested that it be studied according to the outlines for study and presentation of songs that are printed in the April, 1925, **Juvenile Instructor.** First go over the song, item by item, as given in the study outline, until it is thoroughly learned, then consider the best ways of effectively presenting it to the local schools. If there are any headings or sub-headings in either outline that are not clearly understood after careful consideration, discuss them in the department for choristers and organists at Union Meeting. Before a song is ready for presentation its word content, its outstanding musical peculiarities, rhythmic, melodic and harmonic, and the spirit of the song must be clearly understood. Build up the song around these prominent features, but do not neglect to give careful study to the less important things, because the artistic rendition of a piece of music is often spoiled by carelessness in attention to details. The true artist gives most minute study to every word and note in a song, but he also considers carefully the relative importance of the various words and notes; just how much stress each should receive, the kind of tone quality demanded, etc., and at the same time ever keeping in mind the spirit of the song as a whole.

When a piece of music is studied in this way the problems of its presentation are greatly reduced because the chorister and organist are so full of the musical end and content and spirit of the song that they naturally make prominent those features that enable the students to "catch on" to the song with ease.

However, the method of presentation should be well worked out in advance. All songs should not be taught in the same way. A method of drill that may bring very quick results with one song may be almost a failure when used with a different type of song. A lively discussion on methods of presenting each song that is to be taught the local schools should be had in the monthly union meeting.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Charles H. Hart, George N. Child, and Milton Bennion

WORK FOR SEPTEMBER, 1925.

First Sunday, September 6, 1925.

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must continue to be led by the servants of the Lord. (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendent's Department, this issue.)

Second Sunday, September 13, 1925.

Subject: Christ's Love for Children.

Text: Section IX. Part I, "Talks to Parents."

Objective: To impress upon parents human life as manifest in the attitude of Jesus toward little children.

Supplementary References: Matt. chaps. 18, 19; Mark, chap. 10; Luke, chap. 18; III Nephi, chap. 17.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Study with care the scriptural passages relating to this subject and make very definite assignments for class study. Emphasize the relation of child life to human life in general, and the deeper meaning of Jesus' attitude toward children.

Questions for Teachers: (At least one week before the Union Meeting in your Stake at which this lesson will be considered, send your written answers to these questions to the stake board member who supervises the work of your class.)

1. How has the love of children contributed toward the stability of family life?

2. How has love and care of children helped in the development of morals and religion in the race?

Third Sunday, September 20, 1925.

Subject: The Church and Child Training.

Text: Section IX. Part II.

Objective: To impress upon parents the importance of their responsibility for the moral and religious training of their children.

Supplementary References: Doc. and Cov., Sec. 68. Gospel Doctrine, by President Joseph F. Smith, chap. XVI.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Have members of the class collect concrete examples of parental responsibility, the good that comes from exercising it, and evil that results from neglect to do so. Also have class members prepare suggestions on the best ways of exercising this responsibility.

Questions for Teachers

1. What are some of the most effective ways of exercising parental responsibility?

2. What has child nature to do with determination of these ways?

Fourth Sunday, September 27, 1925.

Subject: The Word of Wisdom.

Text: Section IX. Part III.

Objective: To teach the great value to the individual of observance of the Word of Wisdom, and parental responsibility in this connection.

Supplementary References: Any good modern text-book on Physiology and Hygiene; e. g., Ritchie—Human Physiology, World Book Co. Books of this type are in use in the Public Schools and may, therefore, be easily available. Physicians, trained nurses, and trained social workers should be consulted in regard to the evil mental and social effects of the use of alcohol, especially. Excellent material on the tobacco problem may be had at nominal cost by writing Professor Wm. A McKeever, Lawrence, Kansas.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Collect all the information you can from scientific and educational sources in support of the teaching of the Word of Wisdom, and make especially clear the folly of failure to comply with this doctrine. Impress the importance of parental example, and stimulation of thoughtful consideration of this subject by the boys and girls themselves.

Questions for Teachers

1. Why are the social effects of the use of alcohol even worse than the physiological effects?

2. Why is the use of alcohol as a beverage under conditions of modern life especially dangerous?

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

General Board Committee: First and Second Years, Robert L. Judd; Third and Fourth Years, Albert E. Bowen.

First Year—The Apostles of Jesus Christ

First Sunday, September 6, 1925.

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must continue to be led by the servants of the Lord. (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendent's Department, this issue.)

Second Sunday, September 13, 1925.

Lesson 25. The Apostolic Council in Jerusalem.

Chapter 27, "Apostles of Jesus Christ."

Give with as much detail as you can the entire preceedings of the council above set out and emphasize the importance of the same. Christ had pointed out that baptism was essential to salvation—would the council set up other requirements?

Point out how most important matters of this kind are settled without difficulty and rightly under the influence of the Holy Ghost, who is always attendant upon such ocasions.

Questions for Teachers

1. What do you consider was the most important result of the Apostolic Council and why?
2. Give an illustration of the matter in latter days being dealt with as in the question dealt with by the Council.

Third Sunday, September 20, 1925.

Lesson 26. Paul's Second Missionary Journey.

Chapter 28, "Apostles of Jesus Christ."

Explain the separation of Paul and Barnabas so as to leave no feeling in the minds of the students that some insurmountable difficulty had come between them.

Point out Paul's growing strength as a missionary as evidenced by his works.

Compare with the experiences of our elders as they go out today.

Questions for Teachers

1. Should the acts of men—even leaders—which indicate that they are altogether human, affect our faith in the Gospel?
2. How can we teach the Gospel so as to avoid such a result?

Fourth Sunday, September 27, 1925.

Written Review

1. Prove that our conception of the mode of baptism and the reception of the Holy Ghost agree with the teachings of the ancient apostles.
2. Illustrate through the life of Paul what effect conversion to the Gospel has upon one's mode of life.
3. Explain the importance of the apostolic council at Jerusalem.

Advanced Theological Department

Outlines of Ecclesiastical History

WORK FOR SEPTEMBER

First Sunday, September 6, 1925.

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must continue to be led by the servants of the Lord. (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendents' Department, this issue.)

Second Sunday, September 13, 1925.

Lesson 25. A New Dispensation.

References: Part IV, Chap. 1, "Outlines of Ecclesiastical History."

Objective: To show that God purposed to establish His Church anew.

Questions for Teachers

1. What is meant by a dispensation?—The Dispensation of the Fullness of Times?
2. How was the new dispensation ushered in, and what new knowledge was thereby imparted to the world?

Additional information concerning these events may be obtained from any history of the Church; from Widtsoe's "The Restoration" and other Church writings. Assignments may profitably be made for wider reading and reports. This lesson

affords opportunity for linking it with studies in previous portions of this course of lessons; namely, that God recognized and avowed the apostasy from the Ancient Church, and the restoration of it again to men. The significance of the first vision should be dwelt upon, with a view to showing the new knowledge given to the world, and the importance of it.

Third Sunday, September 20, 1925.

Lesson 26. The Restoration of the Priesthood and the Organization of the Church.

Reference: Chap. 2, part IV of the text.
Objective: To show that the Church was organized by the authority of God.

Questions for Teachers

1. What is the Priesthood? How was it restored? Why was its authority necessary?
2. What is the fundamental principle underlying the government of the Church?

Fuller detail may be obtained from the History of the Church and from numerous other writings by Church members. It is suggested that the revelations cited in the text be read and analyzed in the class and their relation to the progress of the development of the Church fixed.

Fourth Sunday, September 27, 1925.

Review Questions, 3rd Quarter.

1. What are the conflicting views relative to the grace of God, and of man's will, as agencies of human salvation? Which of these views best conduces to human progress and development? Why?
2. What do you regard as the most beneficial achievement of the Reformation? Why?
3. Why did the Reformation not result in unity of worship and belief among the reformers and their followers? What essential factor do we have in our Church which was lacking in the Churches growing out of the Reformation?

REDONDA SUNDAY SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES STAKE, CALIFORNIA
Superintendent, Albert Burt; First Assistant Superintendent, R. P. Green; Second Assistant Superintendent, Harry Rundall, Jr.; Secretary, Valeria Lake.

SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

General Board Committee: First and Second Years, Adam S. Bennion, Chairman; Third and Fouth Years, Alfred C. Rees, Chairman. and T. Albert Hooper.

First Year—Our Church and People

LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

First Sunday, September 6, 1925.

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must continue to be led by the servants of the Lord?

The treatment of this subject in the suggestions printed in the Superintendents' Department lends itself nicely to a discussion with Second Intermediate boys and girls.

Boys and girls of this age have had a chance to study leadership. Discuss with them the leadership of student body president in school; the class president; the captain of the team; the coach; the yell master. Without the co-ordination made possible by this leadership, their efforts would be vain.

The Church has prospered thus far under the leadership chosen by the Lord through His servants, and if we sustain our leaders, they too can lead the Church to even greater success than before achieved. In the light of past history and our own experiences we can well afford to follow the lead of inspired officers of the Church.

Second Sunday, September 13, 1925.

Lesson 25. "In the Wilderness."

Text: "Our Church and People," Chapter 25.

Objective: To teach that God inspires His leaders according to their needs.

Supplementary References: "Our Church and People," Chapter 25; "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," Part 4, Chapters 1, 2, 3; "Essentials of Church History," Chapters 37, 38, 39; Isaiah, 2: 2-3; Micah. 4:1, 2; D. and C., 133:21, 22; Second Nephi, 12:2, 3; Third Nephi, 20:22.

Note: Remember that the success of your teaching lies in making your meal so appetizing that the child will be stimulated to eat, also that the product of this eating must result in child betterment.

It is not what is presented to the child that educates him, but rather the responses that he makes himself to what is presented. It is the self-activity of the pupil which educates him. Your purpose is to provide the stimulus, not merely the material.

Provoke purposeful activity. As Miller says, "We want activity that gets somewhere."

Questions for Teachers

1. At least four definite statements were made by the Prophet Joseph Smith showing that he anticipated the coming of the Saints to the West. What were they? (See "One Hundred Years of Mormonism.")
2. In what way are we safe in saying that our parents labored—suffered—died to make greater opportunities for us?

Third Sunday, September 20, 1925.

Lesson 26. The Long, Long Trail

Text: "Our Church and People."

Objective: To teach that the Lord's chosen people were not only loyal to the Church but to the United States Government as well.

Supplementary References: "Our Church and People," Chapter 26; "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," Part 4, Chapters 2 and 3; "Essentials of Church History," Chapters 38 and 39.

Note: Is it not wonderful, that with all our knowledge today, we can scarcely see wherein improvements could have been made to better the conditions of our Foreparents? What does this suggest to you?

Questions for Teachers

1. What is being done at Salt Lake City at the present time to commemorate part of the Westward journey?
2. What wisdom do you see in the Saints planting crops and then passing on leaving them for some one later to harvest?

Fourth Sunday, September 27, 1925.

Written Review

1. What must we do here in this life in order to receive the blessings we expect in the life to come?
2. What has God promised to those who remain true to His Gospel?
3. Why did the Pioneers locate in Salt Lake Valley instead of continuing on to California?

4. Do present conditions develop as much strength of character as the conditions under which the Pioneers lived?

Third Year—"What it Means to be a 'Mormon'"

LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

First Sunday, September 6, 1925.

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must continue to be led by the servants of the Lord. (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendents' Department, this issue. See also suggestions in this department, first year.)

Second Sunday, September 13, 1925.

Lesson 25. Good Judgment.

Objective: To show that every requirement of the Gospel is in strict accord with good common sense.

General References: Text, chapters 27 and 34. Doc. and Cov., Sec. 89; The 10th Article of Faith.

Questions and Problems:

Consider the reasonableness of—The Word of Wisdom; "Be ye temperate in all things;" It is better to give than to receive; Seek ye learning by study and also by faith; The idler shall not eat the bread of the laborer, etc.

Consider the folly of the demands of fashion that influence us so much:

a. The short skirts of today and the long trains of 49 years ago.
b. The high heels to shoes now and the spring heel.
c. The low necked dress in winter and furs in summer, etc.

Why should we be tolerant of other churches?

Differentiate between the sin and the sinner.

Have you ever misjudged by outward appearances?

Are ridicule and denunciation good inducements to win converts to any cause?

Memorize: "Wisdom is justified of his children. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Questions for Teachers

1. Tell what you mean by "good judgment."
2. What is the difference between tolerance and acceptance?

Third Sunday, September 20, 1925.

Lesson 26. Honesty.

Objective: To impress the principle of honesty upon the hearts of the students.

General References: Text, Chapter 28, also chapters on honesty in Great Truths, and Honesty, or Steel Doors.

Questions and Problems

1. Why do some people steal? Wherein is the sin of coveting what belongs to another?
2. In stealing and gambling what element is the same?
3. Under what circumstances may we get something for nothing without sin?
4. Is a thief honest with himself?
5. Why is one's first theft so painful and dangerous?
6. Consider our general reputation for honesty and its advantages to us, in a business way, in a religious way?
7. Why is the Gospel chiefly to "the honest in heart?"

Memorize: "Thou shalt not steal," "Let him that stole steal no more."

Questions for Teachers

1. What is the difference between legal honesty and moral honesty?
2. How is the habit of honesty formed?

Fourth Sunday, September 27, 1925.

Written Review Sunday

Has your teaching been putting the lessons to your class. The answers your class gives in the review will show you. Study the answers and check up on your work.

Review Questions

1. Describe the correct mode of baptism and cite two scriptural inferences to substantiate your answer.
2. Name two prophecies uttered by Joseph Smith that have been fulfilled.
3. Describe the organization of the Church, and name the presiding organizations in their order.
4. Name some of the practical, common sense things that the Gospel teaches us.

FIRST INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

General Board Committee: First and Second Years, George M. Cannon, Chairman, and Josiah Burrows; Third and Fourth Years, Horace Cummings, Chairman, and Eugene Hilton.

First Year—Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

First Sunday, September 6, 1925.

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must continue to be led by the servants of the Lord. (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendents' Department, this issue.)

Suggestions to Teachers

This lesson involves Divine Authority, one of the most important and vital principles of the Gospel. Believing as we do that the Church is founded upon revelation, we also believe that the servants of the Lord are guided by inspiration in directing the Church. As the people are weak and fallible they need the counsel and helpful guidance of our leaders, in order to perform acceptably their various duties. As the people are loyal to the Priesthood, and obedient to their counsels, they are sure to progress and increase their faith, wisdom, and knowledge. Among the many examples illustrating this lesson, the following are suggested as appropriate to this department: The Call of Samuel; The Story of Annanias and Saul; The ordination of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, by John the Baptist. The children should be impressed with the truths of this lesson, and the boys with the necessity of proving their worthiness to receive the priesthood.

Second Sunday, September 13, 1925.

Lesson 25. Corianton.

Text: Alma, chapters 31, 39, 40.

Objective: To teach the value of missionary work as an effective agency in reclaiming the wayward, and teaching the truth.

Supplementary References: See articles "Corianton," and "The Zoramites," Dictionary of the Book of Mormon.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: In this lesson is portrayed some of the evil effects and results of apostasy. Tell about the Zoramites and their presumptuous claims. What was their attitude concerning the coming of the Savior and His atonement? Contrast their strange mode of worship with that of the Latter-day Saints. In what way did the conduct of Corianton affect the Zoramites? What does Alma say about the "word" and "the sword"? Was the mission successful? What impressions do you get from the attitude of Alma in dealing with his wayward son Corianton? How can the lessons be applied in the correction of children and young people to-day? Chapter 40 contains some advanced doctrines concerning the resurrection, and condition of spirits after death. Explain the term paradise? Try and adapt these truths briefly to the understanding of the children. Explain to the class the importance and responsibility of missionary work. Of the necessity of exemplary conduct. Of having high ideals..

Questions for Teachers

1. In view of the facts stated in the lesson, what should be our attitude as teachers in dealing with the wayward and sinful?
2. What impressions do you get in this lesson, concerning the spirit world, and the future life?

Third Sunday, September 20, 1925.

Lesson 26. Moroni and Zerahemnah.

Text: Alma. chapters 43, 44.

Objective: To teach that when engaged in a righteous cause, the Lord helps and protects His people.

Supplementary References: See articles "Moroni" and Zerahemnah," Dictionary of the Book of Mormon.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: This lesson may be described as a romantic one, and can be made intensely interesting. What was the great motive of the Nephites in engaging the Lamanites in battle? Explain the contrast in the size of the armies. Tell about the Amalekites. Who was Zarahemnah? Explain the wonderful military genius of Moroni acquired so early in life. How were the enemies of the Nephites equipped? Why did Moroni send messengers to Alma? What did Alma tell them? In what spirit did the Lamanites fight? Explain the considerate proposal of Moroni? How did the battle terminate? What was the number slain? Tell about the Lamanites' covenant of peace. Tell about the conditions which justify the resort to arms. In what respect does the battle of the Nephites compare with the "Battle of Nauvoo"?

Questions for Teachers

1. Explain how Moroni's spirit and attitude to sacrifice all for home and religion inspired his followers.
2. How does this lesson help to strengthen our faith that the Lord does not limit this blessing to any one kind of activity?

Fourth Sunday, September 27, 1925.

Written Review

1. Tell about the Prophet Alma.
2. Describe the destruction of the city Ammonihah.
3. Tell about Moroni and his powers.

Third Year—Life of Christ

LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

First Sunday, September 6, 1925.

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must continue to be led by the servants of the Lord?

Which would be safest to follow: your parents who love you and are interested in your welfare or some wicked person who cares nothing for your welfare? Similarly compare the leadership of God's servants with the leadership of evil or even uninspired men. The Savior said, "If the blind lead the blind both shall fall into the ditch." If you were separated from your parents and away on a long journey would you not desire to hear from them and they from you? So it is with our Heavenly Father, who loves His children.

Wickedness alone will deprive us of the continued leadership of the inspired Servants of the Lord.

Read James E. Talmage's, "Articles of Faith," pp. 322-325. See also suggestions on this subject in the Superintendents' Department of this issue.

Second Sunday, September 13, 1925.

Lesson 25. The Life of Christ.

Text: Luke 15:11-32. Luke 16:19-31. Weed: "A Life of Christ for the Young," Chapters 49, 50.

Objective: To teach that the Lord is ever willing to receive the repentant sinner.

Supplementary References: James E Talmage's "Jesus the Christ," pp. 457-461; 465-469.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: The three parables presented in this lesson are among the greatest given by the Savior. The children will delight in the wonderful stories and real lessons of life that they will see in them. In presenting the parable of the Prodigal Son, explain the significance of the "best robe," "the ring," "the shoes," etc. Any good Bible Dictionary or commentary will help you. Do not fail to stress the true repentance of the wayward son, or the fact that all rich men are not like Dives, nor all beggars like Lazarus.

Questions and Problems

1. Point out the similarity between the love of the father of the Prodigal Son and the love of God toward His children.
2. Wherein was the attitude of the older brother wrong?

Third Sunday, September 20, 1925.

Lesson 26. The Life of Christ.

Text: John 11:1-46; Mark 10:13-16; Weed: "Life of Christ for the Young," Chapters 51, 52.

Objective: To teach that the Master has power to bring the dead to life.

Supplementary References: Talmage, James E., "Jesus the Christ," pp. 490-498; 475-476.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Make clear at the beginning that the events related in this lesson are not parables but rather actual happenings. Lazarus (not the same person told of in the parable—Lazarus was a name much used then as John is now) was in reality raised from the dead. The Lord of Life spoke and he came forth, yet this was not a resurrection. Christ really blessed the little children then as He has commanded us to do now. You have an unusual opportunity in this lesson to teach the love of the Master for His brothers and sisters, especially when they are pure and innocent as are little children.

Questions for Teachers

1. What evidence of the actuality of the raising of Lazarus do you see in the fact that the Pharisees sought later to kill him. (See John 12:10.)
2. What are the desirable qualities possessed by children that can and should be retained by adults? Can we be "child-like," without being "childish"?

Fourth Sunday, September 27, 1925.

Quarterly Written Review

1. What advantages come to us through paying tithing?
2. Why did not Christ desire to be made king by the people?
3. Explain what you think the Savior meant when He said: "I am the Bread ot Life"?
4. In what way is Christ like a "good shepherd?"
5. Write from memory the Lord's Prayer.

Answer any three.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

Chas. B. Felt. Chairman; Frank K. Seegmiller; assisted by Florence Horne Smith, and Mabel Cook

WORK FOR SEPTEMBER, 1925.

Preview Questions

1. Show that the great reverse of the Jews known as the "Babylonish Captivity" was just what the Jews needed to develop their character.

2. How did Daniel and the captive princess show their devotion to the principles they believed to be true?

3. What blessings came to the Hebrews for their obedience to the Word of Wisdom? What blessings will come to us if we obey it?

4. Compare the character of Ruth and Esther.

5. What great personal dangers as told in the lessons of this month did the Hebrew children undergo for the sake of their beliefs? What valuable lessons have they left to us?

6. What "Great Objectives" has your teaching of "Short Stories from Old Testament" put into your lives? Which of these objectives are especially well illustrated by the lessons of this month?

First Sunday, September 6, 1925.

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord intended, we must continue to be led by the servants of the Lord.

Song: "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet."

Aim: If we will be led by the prophets of the Lord, we shall become the kind of people He has intended.

Memory Gem: The 1st stanza of the song.

Lesson: The Lord says, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." And so that we may learn what these commandments are and be helped in keeping them, He has sent leaders and prophets to guide His people. Name some of these leaders whom you have studied about in your Sunday School stories.

What message was Noah told to give the people? What happened because they would not listen to him?

What was Moses called to do? What commandments did the Lord give to him to give the people?

(Review as many lessons as time will permit. Talk to the children about the Prophet Joseph Smith if they have previously learned anything about him.)

Who is the prophet and the leader of our Church now? How many have seen him? How many have spoken to him?

Why is it a blessing to have a prophet upon the earth?

Lesson 23. The Captive Princess.

Text: Bible and Church History Stories.

References: Old Testament Stories, by Tanner, Vol. II, pp. 287, 288; Smith, Old Testament History, pp. 610-611; Morton's "Good Stories for Boys and Girls."

Second Sunday, September 13, 1925.

Lesson 34: Youths Who Would Not Bow to an Idol.

Text: Bible and Church History Stories.

References: Old Testament Studies, by Tanner, Vol. II, pp. 288-291; Smith's Old Testament History, pp. 611-612; Morton's "Good Stories for Boys and Girls."

Song: "Dare to Do Right," Primary Song Book, p. 90.

Third Sunday, September 20, 1925.

Lesson 35. A Prince Who Dared to Serve God.

Text: Bible and Church History Stories.

References: Old Testament Studies, by Tanner, Vol. II, pp. 291-295; Morton's "Good Stories for Boys and Girls."

Fourth Sunday, September 27, 1925.

Lesson 36. A Brave Young Queen.

Text: Bible and Church History Stories.

References: Old Testament Studies, by Tanner, Vol. II, pp. 343-361; Smith's Old Testament History, pp. 633-634; Morton's "Good Stories for Boy and Girls."

Song: "Jesus, Unto Thee I Pray," Primary Song Book, p. 18.

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

Wm. A Morton, Chairman; Charles J. Ross; assisted by Ina Johnson and Blanche Love Gee

LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

First Sunday, September 6, 1925.

Text: See Superintendent's Department.

Topic: Respect for those in authority.

Objective: To teach that if we intend to be the people the Lord has intended, we must be led by the servants of God.

Rest Exercise: Teach "Summer Flowers," from Patty Hill's Song Book.

Suggestions to Teachers

Let the children see and hear one of the servants of the Lord. Have the Bishop of the Ward or Superintendent of Sunday School visit the class and talk to the children for a few moments.

Bring the lesson into the child's life by leading him to see what he should do when he meets the Bishop on the street, when the Bishop comes to his home. How we can help to keep the meetinghouse clean, obey the Bishop. How we should always speak of the Bishop, etc.

Lead the children to see all the people who serve in the Church are servants of God, and they should be respected.

Second Sunday, September 13, 1925.

Text: "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," lesson 25. Genesis 37.

Topic: Joseph sold into Egypt.

Objective: To teach that in order to please the Lord we must have a forgiving spirit.

Rest Exercise: Same as last Sunday.

Suggestions to Teachers

The theme in this lesson to be taught is that we should love our brothers and sisters alike and be proud of the ones who can accomplish more than we can. That we should be happy in our homes. Both in work and play we should consider the other person.

Bring it down to the child's life by having the children tell how he thinks he should treat brother and sister and what he would think of boys treating their brother as Joseph was treated.

Present each child with a cut-out boy or girl and write on it: "I will be kind to my brothers and sisters."

Be sure that the children are putting their cut-outs in their books to save. Suggest that they read the stories these different people tell quite often.

Third Sunday, September 20, 1925.

Text: "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," lesson 26. Genesis 41:28-57; 42.

Topic: Joseph and his brothers in Egypt.

Objective: To teach that in order to please the Lord we must have a forgiving spirit.

Rest Exercise: Gathering fruits and vegetables. Sing, (make up words to tune of Mullberry Bush.)

Suggestions to Teachers

The underlying thought is brotherly love. Joseph forgave because he loved his brothers. When we love we can have a forgiving spirit. When children get hurt instead of blaming someone else, just say, "Oh, well, it was an accident, and I'll be all right. Never mind, I know you didn't mean to," instead of getting cross and angry.

Teach the children the following verse:

To love the ones who hurt us,
And try to let them see
That they are grieving Jesus
Who wants them kind to be—
This is forgiveness.

Annie Malin.

Fourth Sunday, September 27, 1925.

Text: "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," lesson 27. Genesis 43, 44, 45, 46; 29-30.

Topic: Joseph taking care of his father and brothers.

Objective: To teach that in order to please the Lord we must have a forgiving spirit.

Rest Exercise: Same as last Sunday.

Suggestions to Teachers

Returning kindness for evil is the big theme of this lesson. Joseph helped his brothers more by being kind than he could have if he had been hateful.

Bring it down to the child's life and let him see that it pays everybody to return good for evil.

Have the children by use of pictures, tell the other two stories of Joseph.

Repeat memory gem learned last Sunday.

Preview Questions for September, 1925

1. Why did Joseph go to his brothers at Dothan?
2. Show how the Lord was with Joseph when he was sold into Egypt.
3. How was he instrumental in bringing the word of God to Pharaoh?
4. How did Joseph show his spirit of forgiveness?

RELIGION CLASSES

Written for the General Church Board of Education by Harrison R. Merrill, Brigham Young University

Religion Class Organizations Should Continue to be Active.

Although the Religion Classes have discontinued for the summer, the organization must continue to carry on if Religion Class next year is to be successful. In fact, many supervisors have already laid well thought out plans for the summer and the coming year.

While summer is the vacation period there should be active minds somewhere thinking Religion Class. Nearly all of the classes this year, according to reports, closed with appropriate exercises. These exercises have left the children feeling that Religion Class is important. Large gatherings have been the rule and very excellently rendered programs have been carried forward. Several of the stakes presented original plays and pageants. All of these things have done much to magnify the work in the minds of the pupils. If the opening exercises of the Religion Classes next year can be made to seem as important as the closing exercises the problem for next year will be easily solved.

During the summer months a quiet newspaper campaign will assist in keeping the memory of the classes alive, and will do much toward bridging over the gap made by the vacation.

The supervisors should obtain early the names of next year's teachers in order that the faculties may be made up and that the machinery may be put in working order. Supervisors should follow the policies of the sugar-factory supervisors, who begin to repair their plant as soon as the sugar campaign is over.

Nearly every class that began on time and with vim, closed the same way. We should allow the history of the past to govern the future.

Religion Class teachers, during the summer months, could do much towards gathering supplementary material for class use. The teacher who goes into her room with pictures, stories, and other materials ready for use is already much of a success.

The big thing to remember, however, is that the organization must go on during the summer if Religion Class is to get started in the fall. The stake boards of education and also the ward boards of education are intact. These two bodies should take Religion Class just as seriously as the public school board of education for even though they hire no teachers, they must obtain teachers and must see to it that the teachers have a place in which to teach.

If We Could!

If we could cast aside our selfishness and love as Jesus said we should love; if we could strip our souls of pride and love as John declared he did love; if we could lose ourselves in sweet service, and look upon each child as being one dear, so dear, to God, then would we be leaders of the youth indeed.

Harriet Monroe, in a delightful little love poem, says:

"I love my life, but not too well
To give it to thee like a flower,
So it may pleasure thee to dwell
Deep in its perfume but an hour.
I love my life, but not too well."

If we could do that, our success could be counted in the lives made beautiful and strong by our love. Through such service could we gain immortality on earth; our names would ever live. John loved his Master as few men love, and John's name is had in reverence wherever the Book of Life is read.

"I love my life, but not too well
To sing it note by note away,
So to thy soul the song may tell
The beauty of the desolate day.
I love my life, but not too well."

The stanza reminds me of the scores of teachers who have crossed my life—boy and man—during all these many years. Many of them have literally done just that; they have sung their lives note by note away that I might catch a new vision; a glimpse of a spiritual world that over-shadows, or should I say over-shines, this natural world and can be seen only by the spiritual eye. These teachers live again in my heart, and will live on in the lives that my life has touched, and on and on. Their names may be forgotten, but their songs will be as a melody of the universe lifting hearts up for generations yet to come.

"I love my life, but not too well
To cast it like a cloak on thine,
Against the storms that sound and swell
Between thy lonely heart and mine.
I love my life, but not too well."

If we could love our brothers and brothers' children like that, we could win kingdoms for our Father. I realize that I am interpreting this poem in a broader sense than Miss Monroe intended, but I am sure it will admit of such an interpretation as I have placed upon it.

Every heart is lonely in some of its recesses, and especially is that true of children. Children as a class are yearning for companionship and love from those older and higher than themselves; it is race attitude. Man yearns for spiritual understanding and companionship. His heart reaches up unconsciously to a supreme being. To the child, the teacher is the supreme being to be loved and really worshiped.

The teacher who succeeds in entering the heart of a child and by that act succeeds in lifting that child to higher levels of love will be called blessed in the kingdom of our God.

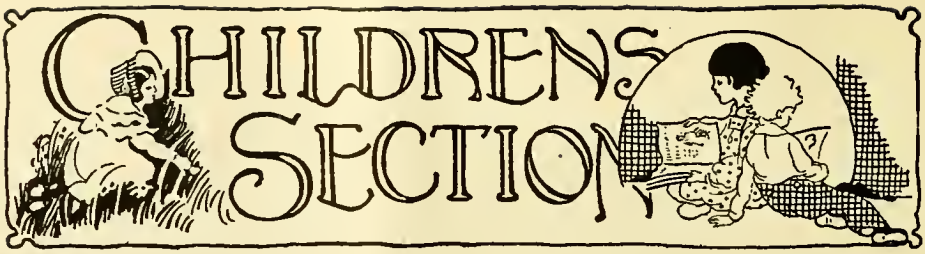
If we could but love as Miss Monroe suggests! If we but could!

REDONDO SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFICERS AND TEACHERS, LOS ANGELES STAKE, CALIFORNIA

Stake Superintendent, Alex Nibley, reports that Union Meetings in Los Angeles Stake are held monthly, and the Redondo Sunday School officers and teachers have attended 100 per cent. This means about a forty mile trip to Los Angeles and return. They are well organized, transportation facilities being provided in advance, so that all may attend the Union meeting.

The names of the Officers and Teachers are as follows: Front row, reading from left to right: Dorothy Cox, Harry Randall, Jr., Second Assistant Superintendent; Lloyd Rychman, Albert Burt, Superintendent; Joseph S. Randall, R. P. Green, First Assistant Superintendent; Edna Kaefer.

Second row (standing): Luraine Cox, Beatrice Kidman, Valeria Lake, Secretary; Jean Lamp, Alice Lamp, Alberta Burt, Mary Edwards, Bessie Ryckman, Alice Green, Jennie B. Morgan.



Founded Upon the Rock

Chapter II.

Sue Meets Others Who are "Founded Upon the Rock"

Sue's Papa often told her that she was fortunate above many another little girl

"In what way, Papa?" asked she.

"Because you are living in the light of the Great Vision," answered he.

"What vision?" asked Sue.

"The vision of Joseph the Prophet who communed with God. As you grow older, you'll learn to feel more and more thankful for the light of Joseph's vision."

Not many evenings after this conversation, a cottage meeting was conducted in Brother Halverson's home. Friends and neighbors gathered around his fire-side to bear their Gospel testimonies to one another Sue's heart was glad. Her face was bright with smiles, for she knew she was to learn some excellent things.

Grandpa Bryner's Message

"We have met together tonight to build one another up in faith I have a testimony that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God. I gained this testimany in my home in Switzerland. I accepted the Gospel as God's true gift to man.

"True, I had one great handicap. I was totally blind. Therefore the problem of immigrating to Zion looked big and hard to me. I prayed concerning it. God gave me a comforting dream in which I saw the land of Zion. I immigrated and have passed many happy years here.

Sister Allen's Tribute

"To my brothers and Sisters in the Gospel:—

Your light like a beacon is shining,
Effulgent, and beauteous, and free—
I feel the rich warmth of its presence
For it shines so brightly on me!

Sister Olsen's Story

"I was a little girl when I undertook the journey across the plains in advance of my parents who were detained until a year later.

"One dark night I was asked to fetch some water from the springs. My path led through an Indian encampment. As I neared the wigwams, I knelt down and prayed God to protect me. Then I went on my way. An Indian mother sent her two boys to the springs to fill my bucket. God answered my prayers, and guided his little immigrant girl safely to Zion.

Uncle John's Story of a Storm at Sea

"While in England my wife and I joined the Latter-day Saint Church. Before leaving England to come to Zion, we were blessed and promised a safe journey.

"When we were on mid-ocean a fearful storm arose. There was wailing, moaning, groaning and running to and fro among the passengers. My wife and I with clasped hands sat on the edge of our birth. A man wild with fear cried, 'Come out of there. Don't you know the ship may go to the bottom? Why don't you come and pray?'

" 'Friend,' said I, 'I pray each day of my life. I now place myself in God's hands.'

"The storm finally subsided. We had a pleasant journey the remainder of the way, and landed in safety.

Brother Gardner's Experience as a Colonizer

"During our first year in Utah, my family and I went hungry in order to save our wheat for seed. For weeks and weeks we lived on Sego roots. We gloried in the revealed word of God to Joseph the Prophet, nor did we begrudge the price we paid to build up Zion.

Sue's Mama Speaks

"When I was a little new-comer in Zion, the Indians often visited our meetings. The bishop said, Be kind to the Indians and give them bread. It is better to feed them than fight them.

"The Lord protected us day by day, He helped us to live the gospel revealed by Joseph the Prophet.

Sue was so greatly pleased with all the nice things she had heard that she too, wished to add a few words. Standing beside her father she said: "I am thankful that I am living in the light of The Great Vision of Joseph the Prophet. It is like a beautiful, bright sunshine in my life."

At bed-time, when Sue kissed her Papa good night she said, "Papa, I've learned tonight that there are other Latter-day Saints who like you, are "founded upon the rock."

"Yes my dear," said her Papa, "thousands and thousands of them."

(*To be Continued.*)

"Whistling Jimmy"

By Glen Perrins.

They called him "Whittling Jimmy," when he was a youngster; and no doubt they had reason to do so. Everywhere he went he took along his favorite jack-knife, and, whenever he had a moment to himself, he whittled. He whittled upon the slightest provocation; sharpened everything from pencils to whistles; carved his initials in nearly every tree around the house, from the trunk of the smallest sapling to the largest oak.

The punishment he received one day, however,"cured" him of his bad habit, whittling. So much so, in fact, that even today he uses a patented sharpener for his pencils—never whittling them as he was so fond of doing in his younger days. His jack-knife is rusty and dusty from idleness.

Would you like to hear Jimmy's story?

It took place back in the "old days" when name-plates were very much more popular than they are today. Many homes, instead of numbers such as adorn in a conspicuous place the houses of today, had name-plates—large signs, as it were, of the owner "plastered" on them, hanging in front of the house or above the driveway. In this manner, passers-by, or visitors, could find the home they wanted without making a house to house canvass, inquiring where "so-and-so" lived, or where they had moved.

It was in Jimmy's early teens or thereabouts that he began to notice such things as the number plates; and also, he discovered that his home did not have one. Just why his father didn't have a name-plate he did not know, but he soon found out, to his sorrow, that his father did not want one—at least the kind he had in mind for him.

You see, there was a large, handsome picket fence which ran around Jimmy's home. His father was very proud of it. Unfortunately this was where Jimmy decided to put his name-plate—smack on the fence, right where everyone could see it. All by himself he picked out the best spot to have it—exactly in the center of the large, white-washed gate-post in front of his home. Then, whenever anyone wanted to find his father, they could very easily do so.

So one bright summer day, when the folks were gone to town shopping, he

planned the surprise; when they returned they would see the handsome name-plate which he had prepared for them. So he got busy with his jack-knife—"Whittling Jimmy" was soon at work. Not knowing exactly how a name-plate was made—he was quite a small boy, then—and also not finding a suitable "plank," for boards were scarce in those days, he decided to "carve" his father's name, not upon a name-plate, but upon the gate post itself. No sooner thought of than begun.

"Zip, zip," went Jimmy's jack-knife, and with telling results. He was quite an expert in the carving game—he had dreams of becoming someday the champion whittler—like Jim Brown and Charlie Jones who sat on the steps at the village post-office.

Well, the job was soon finished. It was a work of art, thought Jimmy. "Very beautiful, indeed," he said to himself, approvingly, "if I must say so myself."

But, alas, he was the only one who thought so. When his father and mother came back from town they did not gaze at the handsome name-plate which he had made, with admiring eyes. They did not pat him on the back for his "carving." Quite the contrary my young friends. Unfortunately for poor, little Jimmy, his parents did not have an eye for the "whittling art."

Woe for him was that day. He and his father had an interview in the woodshed which lasted a considerable time. Long before it was over Jimmy's jack-knife "carving" aspirations had fled—"Whittling Jimmy" had learned his lesson.

Corroborated

"What were you and Mr. Smith talking about in the parlor?" demanded an irate mother.

"Oh, we were discussing our kith and kin," replied the young lady.

"Yeth, you wath," interposed her little sister, "Mr. Smith athed you for a kith and you thaid 'you kin'."—Morestown Star.

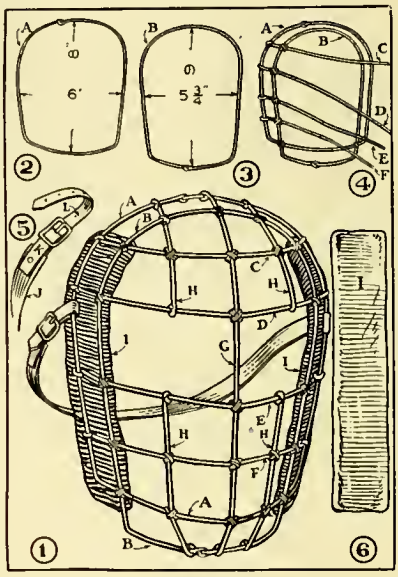
Handicraft for Boys

By A. Neely Hall

Base Ball Equipment

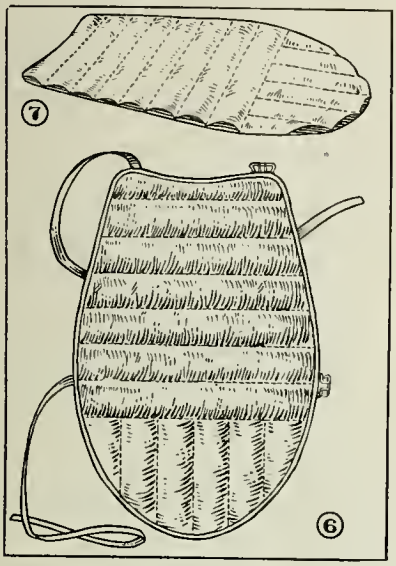
With the aid of a pair of pliers you can easily make the catcher's mask shown in Fig. 1 of heavy wire. Number 8 iron wire is the right weight. About one-half pound is needed.

Wire frame A (Fig. 2) is the first part to form. As this frame fits against the sides of your face, its size must be regulated to suit. Space must be allowed on each side for padding (1, Fig 1). Notice that the lower portion of the frame curves out to form



the chin guard. The depth of this curve should be 3 inches. Wire frame B (Fig. 3), set ¾ inch in front of frame A, drops 1 inch below frame A; its bottom has a curve of 2 inch depth. Connect frames A and B with the horizontal wires C, D, E, and F. Make the curve of wire C 4 inches deep, of wire D 4½ inches, of wire E 4½ inches, and of wire F 3¾ inches. Bend the ends of the wires around frame A.

Next bend center wire G to fit over the horizontal wires, and join its ends to frame A, as shown. Then fit wires H in place. If you have a soldering outfit, solder each intersection of the



wires; if not, bind securely with light-weight wire.

Ask mother to sew two pieces of cloth to form sacks for side pads I (Fig. 6), and stuff them with cotton. Bind the pads to the wire frames with string or shoe-laces. The head strap should be made of tape 1¼ inches wide. Lap and sew one end around one side of wire frame A. To the other end, attach a short strap and buckle—the buckle to one side, the strap to the other. Figure 1 shows how the strap is passed around frame A and slipped through the buckle.

You will want a body protector as well as a mask, and mother, no doubt will lend a hand to make one possible. Figure 6 shows a protector 14 inches wide and 22 inches long. By making a paper pattern you can quickly determine whether these dimensions are correct for you.

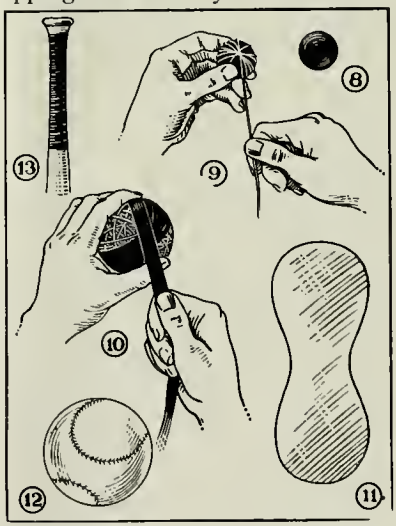
Cotton duck is the material to use for the protector, and khaki color is best. Figure 7 shows how the front and back should be machine stitched, with rows of stitching 2½ inches apart. Use cotton for upholstering, hair for padding. Ram it into the spaces between the stitching until they are filled out solid. Finish the edges of the protector with tape, as shown. A shoulder strap and buckle, and a waist strap and buckle, will complete the protector.

A well-made tape-ball is a possession to be proud of. Its core should be a small hard rubber-ball (Fig. 8). On this core wind cotton wrapping-twine, turning the ball as you wind, and keeping the string pulled taut (Fig. 9).

When you have wound enough string upon the core to bring it to the correct diameter, slip several rubber-bands over the string. Then cover with friction tape, lapping each turn of tape upon the preceding turn (Fig. 10).

In place of the tape covering, you can make one of leather (Fig. 12). Two pieces of leather will be required (Fig. 11). Use the cover of a worn-out baseball for a pattern.

Perhaps you know the scheme of wrapping the end of your ball-bat with



friction-tape, for a hand grip (Fig. 13), but it will do no harm to make the suggestion in closing this article upon baseball equipment.

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Jerry Became a Doll Surgeon

By Olive F. Woolley Burt.

Jessie's toy telephone rang.

"Good morning, Mrs. Glad, this is Dr. Jerry. How are the children this morning?"

Jessie glanced at her dolls lying snug and warm in bed and carriage.

"They're well, thank you. Amanda has a slight cold, and Rosalit was restless last night, but they all seem comfortable this morning."

"A cold, eh?" Jerry's voice expressed concern. "I had better drop in and have a look at them. It is best not to let those colds run on unchecked."

"All right, Doctor. It would set my mind at rest, anyway."

They said goodbye, and then Jessie hurried to take up the dolls and dress them. As she picked up Betty Anne, the beautiful new doll that Aunt Jane had given her for her birthday, she noticed that there was something wrong. Betty Anne was such a dear child. Every time Jessie picked her up she said "Mama" in the most enchanting voice. But this morning Betty Anne did not greet her mother as usual.

Jessie was surprised. "What is wrong, Betty Anne?" she asked, "Have you forgotten Mother?"

But Betty Anne simply stared and said nothing.

Jessie laid the doll back, then tipped her forward, but still no sound came. She laid it across her knees and patted it gently, but a faint squeak was the only answer. Jessie was getting really worried when Jerry's knock came.

"Oh, Jerry," cried Jessie, forgetting all about playing doctor, "Betty Anne is broken! What shall I do?"

She showed such genuine distress that Jerry ran forward.

"Where? How? When did you do it? What will Aunt Jane say?" he asked all at once.

"I don't know," Jessie answered to all his questions. "I just picked her up, and she won't say 'Mama.' I never dropped her, Jerry, you know I wouldn't. Look!"

And she tipped Betty Anne backward and forward, backward and forward. Sometimes the doll made a faint squeak, but her once pleasant voice was entirely gone. Jerry took the doll and tried his luck, but he was no more successful than his sister.

"Well, well," he said at last, remembering that he was a doctor and pretending that he understood what was wrong, "This certainly looks like a hospital case to me. There will have to be an operation."

"Oh, Jerry, don't play now. I am so sorry. The worst of it is, I don't know how it happened. I wonder whether I am to blame?"

"Of course not, Mrs. Glad." Jerry was not going to give up his game. "But you let me take her to the hospital. Perhaps if we remove her tonsils—"

Then Jerry stopped playing, for he saw the Jessie was ready to cry.

"Listen, Jessie, I'm in earnest. Let me take Betty Anne and see what I can do. I'll be careful as careful. I won't hurt her head at all. I'll just see what is wrong. I saw an advertisement about mending the voices of mama dolls, and so they can be mended. If you really have to take it to a doll hospital, they can fix it all up at once—what I do as well as the voice. Let me try it, please."

Jessie looked from Jerry to the doll on her lap. She had great confidence in her brother. He had often mended their playthings, and he *was* careful. But Betty Anne was her dearest doll.

"I'm afraid, Jerry. You know there are things that we can't do."

"Let's ask Mother, then. If she says it is all right for me to try, will you let me?"

"Of course I will. Oh, Betty Anne, I hope you can be mended!"

The two children ran to Mother and told her their troubles. Mother took

Betty Anne and looked at her carefully.

"Mrs. Gray was telling me yesterday that Nancy's doll had stopped talking, just like this. They were going to take it down town to see whether it could be mended. But if Jerry wants to try, and will be very careful. I'm sure it will be all right. He may be able to mend it. But don't get hasty, Jerry, and don't undo anything that you cannot do up again. Don't mar or break anything, will you?"

"Oh I will be careful, Mother. Let me have her, Jessie."

Jessie kissed her doll, and then handed it to her brother.

"You'll have to take off her clothes, Jessie, I might tear them, or pull a button off, or something."

Jessie undressed the doll. Then Jerry took it and looked at it. The legs and arms were stuffed so well that they were plump and natural looking, but the body, though rather firm, was an odd shape. It was too round, Jerry thought. He felt it carefully, and then he smiled.

"Here is her voice, I'm sure," he said, and showed Jessie a round, hard place in the doll's chest. He turned her over, and found a similar place in the back. The seam in the doll's body was right over this.

"May I undo the seam, Jessie, if I won't cut the cloth?"

Jessie nodded, so Jerry carefully slipped the stitches and gently pulled the cloth apart. Inside was some stuffing, which he removed, disclosing a round metalic disc.

Jessie was watching him with interest.

"May I pull this out?" He didn't want to do any harm, and he was a little bit afraid.

Again Jessie nodded, and Jerry took hold of the disc and pulled. It was fastened in tightly, and he had to twist it around before it would come out. When it did come, Jerry found that it was the metal end of a tiny, round pasteboard box. This end was full of little, round holes. The other end, which was of the same metal, contained no holes, but small ridges marked the surface.

From beneath the edges of one end there hung a tiny fringe of cloth.

"It looks like a pail with a cloth under the lid to make it tight" said Jessie.

"That is just what it is," answered Jerry. "And I must take off the lid."

The lid fit so tightly that it was hard to get off, but Jerry pulled firmly, though gently, until he had it in his hand. Inside of the box he found a metal cylinder with two rows of holes. In one set, the holes were rather large, in the other, quite small. This cylinder fit into dents in the center of the bottom of the box. When the doll was tipped forward, the air was forced through these holes, making the word "mama." Tipping the doll back, let the cylinder fall into position again. The cloth which the children had seen made a sort of bellows.

"See, Jessie," said Jerry, "This cylinder is just a little whistle, only the holes are cut in such a way that they make a certain sound. And this bellow forces the air through the whistle."

"But what was wrong? It doesn't look broken at all."

"It isn't really broken. The cloth in the bellows had just got loose. I believe that it will be all right when I tighten it.'

Jerry put the cylinder back into place; he pulled the edge of the cloth up over the edge of the box firm and tight, then he put the "lid" on again. He tipped the box back and then forward, and sure enough! Jessie heard Betty Anne's voice again saying "Mama."

"Oh, you did it! O Jerry, you have fixed it!"

"I will make it a little tighter and see whether it doesn't speak more clearly."

So Jerry opened the box again and tightened the cloth. This time he was satisfied with the result and ran to show Mother. She smiled, for she was

always pleased when Jerry and Jessie worked out some problem.

It took only a moment for Jessie to sew up the seam after Jerry had put the voice box back into the body. Then she dressed the doll, and Betty Anne was as good as new.

"Will you mend Nancy's doll for her, too? Jessie asked, thinking how Nancy would hate to trust her beloved Polly to a stranger.

"Of course I will if her mother doesn't care. I like to do it. We may find a different kind of box—that is, different in some little way—for they are all nearly alike, I know, and all work the same."

"But anyway, you could mend them just the same." Jessie was willing to give her brother perfect trust from now on. "And maybe the bodies will be sewed differently, the seams might come on the side, instead of the back, but Nancy and I could sew them just as well. Only, Jerry," and Jessie looked at her brother thoughtfully, "You must be sure to have the voice box back the right way, or the doll will call "Mama" when it is laid down, and all the time we have spent training them to go to bed without crying will be wasted."

Mischief gleamed in Jerry's eyes. "I might have put Betty Anne's in wrong way up," he said, "then you would have to stand her on her head to make her cry."

Grumpy's Breakfast

By Jean Brown Fonnesbeck

Several years ago there were two small black bears who lived in Yellowstone Park with their mother. The twin cubs were named Woof and Grumpy. Their mother's name was Mrs. Grump.

Woof and Grumpy, with their mother, had a very happy life in the great park, because they knew they were safe. No one was allowed to shoot at them or molest them in any way, so they wandered wherever they pleased through the deep forests digging for sweet roots. They ate wild strawberries, wild raspberries, and wild currants. Sometimes they fished in the mountain streams. Mrs. Grump would wade out into the water, splashing about with her huge, hairy legs, until the water became so muddy that the bewildered fish could not tell which way to swim to safety. Then, with her front paws, Mrs. Grump would toss the fish out onto the banks where her two eager cubs waited.

She taught Woof and Grump how to lick their front paws until they were wet, hold them on an ant hill, and as soon as they became covered with ants, lick off the ants. This, the two little bears consihered a choice dessert.

One day Mrs. Grump took her twin cubs down to the garbage heaps near Old Faithful Inn. Many bears were feeding there. The cubs were wild with delight because they found scraps of smoked ham, bits of cake, and the loveliest syrup cans to lick out. After that eventful feast, the cubs were never content to remain long in the forest and eat the simple foods which Nature had provided. They were always nosing their way over the garbage heaps in one of the Park camps.

One day Woof and Grumpy, with their mother, lurked about the outskirts of the automobile camp at Norris Junction. The campers, twenty carloads of them, had just finished breakfast, and had tossed their scraps, mostly bread crusts, into a single heap. A family of red squirrels found the crusts and hurried to carry them to their nest high up in the trunk of a hollow tree, just on the edge of the forest. Grumpy and Woof looked on hungrily. When the busy squirrels had stored all of the bread in their nests, Grumpy said, "I'm going to climb that tree and get those bread crusts."

"Better not," his mother counseled, "The crusts belong to the squirrels. They found them first."

"I'm going to have those crusts," reiterated Grumpy, and without more ado he went over to the hollow tree and began to climb up its trunk. The squirrels, chattering and scolding, ran out of their nest and up to the topmost branches of the tree. Grumpy stood on a limb of a tree and reaching up, poked his head into the nest. He munched a crust or two, then decided to take his head out of the hole for a minute and breathe some fresh air before finishing his breakfast. But to his horror he found that the hole was not large enough for him to pull his head out backwards. His knobby, wooly ears caught and held fast against the rough bark of the opening. He struggled and twisted, grunting and squealing all the while. Several times he lost his footing and almost strangled himself before his feet found their place on the branch again.

Mrs. Grump and Woof. who were watching down below, were greatly excited and emplored Grumpy to exert himself. Woof called, "Grumpy, O Grumpy, do try again. Pull your head back hard. Jerk it."

But though Grumpy tried every possible manouver he could not pull his head out of that hole. Meanwhile the squirrels, from the topmost branches, chattered angrily at the thieving cub.

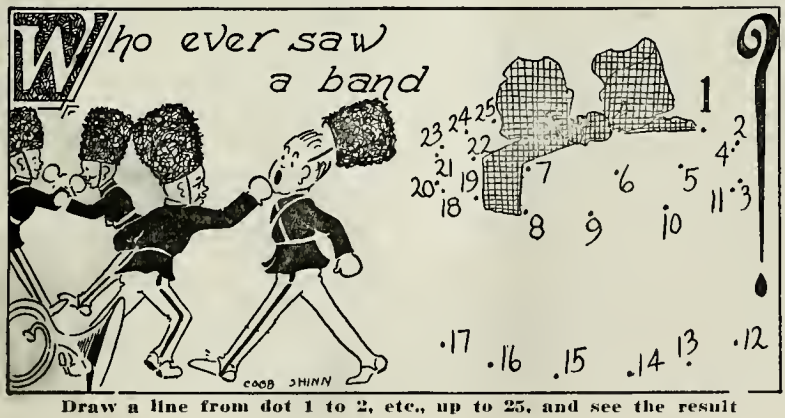
How the people at the automobile camp laughed! All except one little girl, with the prettiest curls, who cried, "Oh, that poor baby bear! Daddy, couldn't you do something to help him get his head out?"

"Come with me and we'll find the Forest Ranger," her father answered The little girl took her father's hand and together they hurried to the Range Station.

Soon the Forest Ranger came galloping on his horse. He took his lasso rope from the saddle, lassoed Grumpy's hind legs with it and tied them firmly to the limb so that the cub could not scratch him. Then the Ranger sat on another limb near Grumpy, and with his axe very carefully chopped the edges of the hole until it was large enough for the little cub to withdraw his head. Mrs. Grump and Woof watched uneasily from behind bushes and fallen logs. When Grumpy's head was free, the Forest Ranger lowered him carefully to the ground by means of the rope, and slipped the noose from his feet. And, would you believe it? That ungrateful little cub hurried off to the depths of the forest with his mother and his brother, without so much as a grunt of thanks to the kind Ranger who had rescued him.

The family of squirrels came back to their nest and their crusts, still scolding. "It served the thieving bear right," they said to each other, "We're glad he had such a scare."

Daffodilly Dots



Draw a line from dot 1 to 2, etc., up to 25, and see the result

Respect for Authority

By Wm. A. Morton

Brother and Sister Harker were sitting in their parlor reading the "Evening News" when their son Donald entered. Donald is a good-natured young fellow, and is well liked by all the boys and girls who know him, and they are not a few. But the evening of which I speak a change had come over him: his face wore a frown, and there was an angry tone in his voice when he spoke.

"What is the matter, Don?" asked the father.

"I just met the Bishop," Donald replied, "and he told me he wanted me to speak at the Priesthood meeting next Sunday morning on the subject: 'The Duties of a Priest.'"

"Well, can't you do that?"

"Of course I could, but I don't want to. The majority of those who will be present at the meeting will be men holding the Melchizedek Priesthood. Think of me talking to them about the duties of a Priest. They know more about a Priest's duty than I could tell them."

"What would you rather talk about?"

"About the Book of Mormon. We are studying it in Sunday School."

"But, my boy," said the father. "don't you think that the men who will be in attendance at the Priesthood meeting know more about the Book of Mormon than you do?"

"I guess they do," said Donald. "Well, I could tell them why I believe the Book of Mormon to be the Word of God."

"I am sure they would be glad to hear that," but that is not what the Bishop wants you to do."

"Well, I will either do that or nothing," said the boy, angrily.

"If you go contrary to the wishes of the Bishop," said the father, "you will, I fear, have the same experience I had a number of years ago. Let me tell you about it:

"A stake superintendent of Sunday Schools, who was also county superintendent of public instruction, invited me to deliver an address, in his home town, on 'The Home and the School.' I accepted the invitation and began at once to outline the subject. I spent a good deal of time on it, and went to the meeting pretty well prepared. The hall was filled with people, among them many young men and young women, high school students.

"A few minutes before the meeting commenced I decided to change my subject and to give a talk on 'Infidelity,' which I did. Before I had spoken ten minutes I realized that I had made a serious mistake, but it was too late to correct it. I floundered like a fish out of water; the audience did not manifest any interest in what I was saying, and I believe they were glad when I took my seat. There were hundreds of people at the meeting, but not one of them spoke a single complimentary word to me about my address.

"The superintendent drove me to his home, where his wife had prepared a dainty little supper. As we sat at the table the superintendent said to me: 'That was a pretty good talk you gave this evening.'

"I turned to him and said: 'You know better; it was not a good talk; it was, I believe, the poorest address I have ever delivered. You did not invite me to come here and speak on 'Infidelity;' you requested me to speak to the subject, 'The Home and the School,' which I should have done, and which, if I had done, I would have a different feeling than I have at present. I hope that you will not hold this against me, but that you will give me a chance to redeem myself—to come back later and speak on 'The Home and the School.'

"Now, Don," said Mr. Harker, "I hope that you will profit by this experience, and that you will do as the Bishop has requested—speak on the subject 'The Duty of a Priest.'"

Donald was obedient to the advice

given him by his father. At the close of the Priesthood meeting the following Sunday morning a number of men —Seventies and Elders—went up to him, shook him warmly by the hand and complimented him on the able manner in which he had treated the subject assigned him.

On his way home Donald said to himself: "I am sure I would not feel as I do if I had disregarded the wishes of the Bishop. I believe my father's experience will be helpful to me all the days of my life."

I sincerely hope that other boys will profit by it.

Long-Lived Creatures

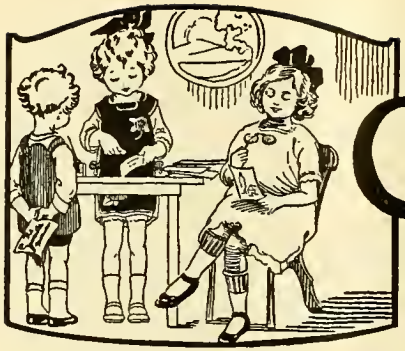
Some birds and animals live to a great age. Usually, but not always, the largest creatures are the longest lived. As an exception to this rule, the parrot lives as long as the eagle. Spiders live one or two years; beetles have been kept prisoners for five years. The queen bee often lives for five years, while the working bees usually live only six weeks. Ants have been kept in captivity for fifteen years, while the toad has been known to attain forty years. A turtle was kept in captivity for 150 years, and the specimen in question may have been 300 years old. The age of birds is known best. The household cock lives fifteen to twenty years; the goose and the eider-duck, 100 years; the swan, 102 years; the stork, seventy; the falcon, 162; the golden eagle, 104; the blackbird, eighteen; the canary as much as twenty-four, and the parrot about 100 years. Of the mammals, the horse attains forty to sixty years; the sheep, twenty; the dog, twenty-eight; the cat, twenty-two, and the elephant and the whale 200 years.

A Scrambled Supper

By Mabel S. Merrill.

The sausages sobbed in the roaster;
They were having a fearful dream!
The teakettle hissed at the toaster
  And stuck out a tongue of steam.
"You're late" hissed the teakettle loudly,
  "Nobody's on time but me."
Then the toaster looked at him proudly
  And never a word said she.
For she wouldn't tell that Little Girl Ruth
  Was forgetting to toast the bread,
Though she'd left the draughts wide open
  Till the stove was an angry red.

So the teakettle boiled clear over;
  (His temper is very stern!)
The sausages burst their cover
  And the fat began to burn.
Then Ruth came running in wild affright;
  The toaster muttered, "Oh laws!"
And if the supper was mixed that night
  Whose fault do you think it was?



The Children's BUDGET BOX

The Budget Box is written entirely by children under seventeen years of age. To encourage them, the "Juvenile Instructor" offers book prizes for the following:

Best original verses of not to exceed twenty lines.

Best original stories of not to exceed three hundred words.

Best amateur photographs, any size.

Best original drawings, black and white.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be black and white on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box. "Juvenile Instructor," 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Fairy Tree, or the Magic Key

In a deep, black forest, there were two fairies changed into trees. That is why we call them fairy trees. It was done by a wicked old witch. She had no cause to lock them up, because we know fairies are good. Nobody could get them out of this trouble but a little princess living with the witch. You know all trees have a trunk don't you? Well, the witch had a key to unlock it to set the fairies free, if she wanted to, but I guess she didn't. One night the witch laid her key on the table and forgetting it went to bed. The princess noticed it, took it, ran into the forest, unlocked the trunk and set the fairies free. They were so glad that they granted her a wish, and what do you think she wished? She wished that she might go and live with the fairies for always. They were very glad at this, so they took her and the key to their sunny little home. The next morning when the witch went for her key it was gone and so was the princess. She knew she had set them free, and that all her power was gone. She was very angry—so angry that she burst. I guess the fairies are very glad to know that the old witch is dead. Aren't you?

Beulah Graehl.

Age 11. Snowville, Utah.

"WOOF"
Photo by Ethel Callison
Age 13. 163 Herbert Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Prayer Answered

Betty seemed to be a very obedient little girl, but today she sulked and made her mother do all the work.

Her mother said, "Betty, go to the store for me." An ugly answer came which very much surprised her, and from a sweet little mouth came a savage reply, "I won't do it." Of course her mother scolded her for being naughty.

Betty hurried to the store. When she got there she decided to go to the city to do her shopping. It was the first time she had been to the city, and she was very timid.

So on she went until she came to a crowd of people listening to a misionary talk. She glanced at him just to catch the words, "Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

As she walked along she wondered. "I have not treated my mother right." she said half aloud. "Why did I let Satan tempt me?" But still she had hope, "I will repent of my evil doings and love my mother more than I do.

She did her shopping and went home with a heavy heart. A nurse met her at the door and whispered "your mother is unconscious, she is not expected to live." Betty's heart sank. "It is too late," she thouhgt to herself, too late."

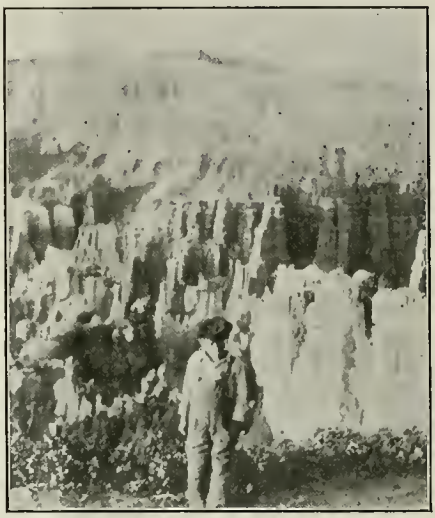
She hurried around to get supper and wash the dishes. Her mother, dying of over-work.

Before going to be she gave one look at the unconscious form lying on the bed. Drying her eyes, she went to her own little room.

She knelt down on her knees and prayed, "Oh, my father, give me just one more chance to show you that I love her. Amen." She got into bed and fell asleep.

In the morning her mother revived. Betty being faithful to God became her nurse, running to her beck and call. She became weary, but never stopping, for she was the one she loved. She gladdened her mother's heart with her winsome smiles. And as she was doing her work, she said, "Better stop and reflect before it is too late."

Margaret Warner,
Age 13. Peterson, Utah.



"MY BROTHER IN BRYCE CANYON"
Photo by Norma Bodine.
Age 9. Murray, Utah.

Spring

Out in the willows
Where the clover's smelling sweet,
Where the meadow larks are singing,
And flowers beneath our feet.
Out in the willows we can happy,
happy be.

We can see the grain field fresh and
green,
The bee go humming by,
We can see big white clouds floating
Across the deep blue sky.
Out in the willows we can happy,
happy be.

Toynette Baird,
Age 8. Cowley, Wyo.

FLOYD McFARLAND FEEDING HIS PET LAMB, "LOP EARS"

Photo by Jeannetta McFarland
Moore, Idaho.

The Dolls' Candy Pull

There was once long ago a little girl whose name was Rebecca. She had eight walking and talking dolls—a Sailor Boy, a Negro Cook, a Dancing Girl, a Dutch Boy, a girl doll named Raggedy Ann, a School Boy and a School Girl.

One day when Rebecca was playing with her dolls she heard her mother calling to her to go for a walk. "All right, Mother," said Rebecca, and she ran downstairs without stopping to put away her family. When they were gone for their walk there was no one in the house but the dolls.

"What can we do in this dreary place?" said the Dancing Girl.

"I am sure *I* don't know," said Raggedy Ann.

"I'm hungry for some candy," said the School Boy. "I wish there was a candy store like they have at school."

"Maybe we could make some," said the Dutch Girl.

"Of course we could," said the Cook. I know how to make molasses candy. I will make it. The rest of you can hand me the things I need, and we will all pull it."

"That is just what we will do," cried all of the dolls.

They waddled downstairs to the kitchen. Each doll got himself a chair. One doll put his chair by the sink, another by the cupboard and another by the cooler, and so on. They stood on their chairs and the Cook stood on a chair by the stove. Then as the Cook needed different things the doll nearest to anything would hand it to the Cook without having to get down from his chair. In this way they managed very well, until the Cook called for sugar. The Sailor Boy happened to be nearest and as he opened the bin he lost his balance and fell into the sugar. "Help! Help!" he cried. All the dolls scrambled down from their chairs and ran to help him out. They soon pulled him out, and he had sugar all over him, and he said he got a lot in his mouth. But that did not matter because he liked sugar.

Finally the candy was done. Each doll had put a plate on a chair and each took some of the candy. They all had a merry time pulling it. They chattered and laughed. When they were through pulling it, they put it on the plates. Then they went to the wash basin and washed their sticky hands. Then they washed and wiped all the dirty dishes. When everything was orderly they sat down to enjoy their candy.

"This candy is good, and it was fun making it, too, wasn't it?" said the Dutch Girl as she ate her candy.

"Yes," said the Dutch Boy. "I really would call it play instead of work."

"Listen," said Raggedy Ann, "The cuckoo says it is four o'clock. It is time for Rebecca to return."

The dolls waddled upstairs and they tumbled over one another until at last they were in their places. When Rebecca came back to play with them they were just exactly the way she had left them.

Helen Richards,
783 Third Ave.,
Age 10. Salt Lake City, Utah.

PHOTO BY MARION HANSEN
Age 8. Weiser, Idaho.

The Little Brook

In the midst of the wood
I hear something rippling
Of the crystal water in the brook
Ripple! ripple! ripple!

In the midst of the wood
I see a little flower
I see the little brook
And by it is the flower.

In the midst of the wood
The little brook is singing
The prettiest song in the world
Ripple! ripple! ripple!

In the midst of the wood
I put my line in the brook
I feel the fish jerk
There it is, I see it.

In the midst of the wood
Ripple! ripple! ripple!
Keep still, I hear a splash
Oh see, the pretty fish a swimming.

Darwin S. Lambert,
Age 8 Metropolis, Nevada.

The Columbine

The Columbine is a beautiful flower,
Its colors are red, white, and blue.
The very colors of the flag which waves,
Over the land of the brave and the true.

Its stems are green, its flowers are fair,
You can see it growing everywhere,
In the glen, on the mountain high,
Where other flowers and bushes lie,
Grows the beautiful Columbine.

Its red says to "be brave,"
Its blue says let's "be true,"
The white says be "as pure,"
As the boys under the red, white and blue.

Then let these words our motto be:
"Be brave, be pure, and be true,"
Then your life will be as pure and sweet,
As the flower colored red, white and blue.

Mary Empey,
Age 15. Bloomington, Utah.

PHOTO BY FAY HANSEN
Age 10. Weiser, Idaho.

OUT ALL NIGHT
Photo by Leo Despain.
Age 12. Venice, Utah.

The Song of Spring

The long cold winter is over
And Spring has come again,
With all her joy and beauty
To gladden the hearts of men.

The song of the Blackbird and Robin,
The lilt of the Meadowlark gay
All are heard in the morning
To welcome each beautiful day.

The soft green leaves are unfolding
Making it restful and cool,
Already the lads' thoughts go winging,
Towards the joys of the old swimming pool.

The buds are unfolding their petals,
Fluffy masses of pink and marble white.
Their dew-pearled faces are lifting
Up to the fresh morning light.

In beautiful clusters they're nodding,
Giving up fragrance and joy,
Awakening an incense of gladness
In the heart of each girl and boy.

The bees are busily humming
Through the sunshine warm and bright.
For beautiful blossoms are tempting them,
With nectar of golden delight.

The whole world is singing for gladness,
The whole world is smiling for joy.
Oh such is life in the springtime
To the eyes of a life loving boy.

Eliza Carpenter,
Age 14. Bloomington, Utah.

D. H. HALLANTYNE
(1 year, six months old)
Photo by his Uncle, W. L. Robinson.
Age 11. Cumberland, Wyoming.

A False Alarm

We were all settled for the night in our camp at the mountains. My two brothers who were younger than myself, were sitting beside me on a fallen tree. We did not wish to go to bed as our parents were at the other camp.

Suddenly my attention was called, by one of my brothers, to a crackling noise

in the bushes. I held my breath and listened. It came again. I could not imagine what it was.

"It must be a bear," said the youngest of my brothers. This was enough to excite me. I ran in the opposite direction with a frightened brother at each hand.

The next moment we were in full sight of the bear. We had taken the wrong direction. I was just going to scream when it came trotting up to me and I saw that it was only Snip, my old dog.

"Well, the very thought of a bear would frighten a girl," said my brother. "A boy also," I added.

Helen Steele,
Age 11. Hillspring, Alberta.

Happy Spring

Spring is here, I truly know,
Because the flowers told me so.
There are many lovely things
That the happy springtime brings.

Spring brings many happy days;
It is pleasant in many ways;
All the birds and all the bees
Flit about among the trees.

Flowers are blooming on our way,
Birds are singing all the day;
The trees and fields are a wonderful sight
In the days of spring so fair and bright.

Verna Fobler,
Age 11. Santa Clara, Utah.

The State of Idaho

The state of Idaho is grand,
The soil is fertile—just enough sand
To make her food products take the prize
For flavor, for beauty and for size.

Idaho has potatoes rare;
Wonderful is her mountain air
You cannot beat her anywhere.
Hurrah! Hurrah for Idaho.

Stephen Alley,
Age 9. Bancroft, Idaho.

The Brook

Sparkling, leaping, quickly dashing
Down the mountain you come splashing;
Pretty, laughing, sparkling brook
Flowing into every nook.

O'er the shining pebbles creeping,
On and on you still go leaping,
With your water fresh and clean
Flowing over fields so green.

Running, rippling down the hillside,
Flowing over fields so wide;
On and on you seem to run,
Sparkling, laughing, in the sun.

Age 10. May Liddell.
R. F. D. Box 89, Erda, Tooele, Utah.

DRAWN BY NORMA BODINE
Age 9. Murray, Utah.

PHOTO BY MARLIN McLAWS
Age 16. Snowflake, Arizona.

Rain Drops

Pitter, patter, little drops of rain,
Pitter, patter, all day long.
I love to hear you on the window pane
Singing your little song.

Pitter, patter, little drops of rain,
Without you the world would never be
the same.
Because there would be no pretty
flowers,
Which make for us so many joyous
hours.

Pitter, patter, little drops of rain,
You are such a true friend to the grain,
And grain is such a friend to man,
Make bread without it, if you can.

Verda Matteson,
Age 12. R. F. D. 3, Box 57,
Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Mother's Hand

Mother's hands are always busy
Just as busy as can be;
Mother's heart is always living
As she takes the load from me.

Mother's hands are always busy.
As she mends and bakes and sews;
Mother's face is always beaming
Like the smile upon the rose.

Mary Potter,
Age 10. Vernal, Utah.

Leaving it All

We're going on to High School,
We're deciding our careers,
But we're all going to be
Man and woman through the years,
We're leaving happy, little things.
For bigger, better joys,
But, worst of all we're leaving
The lives of girls and boys.
We can no longer set a tack
To see a teacher's wrath,
We cannot travel girlhood ways
With dollies on the path;
But now we're graduating,
We're all happy as we should.
But the happy, joyous childhood days
We're leaving it all for good.

We're leaving it all for good,
But leaving it all for better,
We're right where we can do grand
things
And we're doin' 'em to the letter.
We're going on in High School
With scholarships galore,
And when we're tired of doing things,
We'll do a little more.
Say you, 'Tis a child ambition,
A child's is the strongest aim,
And if folks shake their somber heads,
We'll do things all the same.
For we are a Merry Eighth grade,
That's longing for things worth while;
Good-bye—Goodbye Dear Grammar
grades,
We're leaving it all with a smile.

Virginia Eggertsen,
Age 13. Manti, Utah.

Our Hamlet

Glenwoodville is east of the Rocky mountains, and east of the Waterton Lakes Park, which is a famous summer resort in Alberta. We are between two rivers, the Waterton and the Belly rivers. We are north of the Blood Indian Reserve. Glenwoodville is a small town on quite high land. There are a few dwellings, and on every farm there is an irrigation ditch. Most of the people belong to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The people are mostly interested in grain growing.

We are not quite sure of having a railway, but we all hope to have it some day. We are going to grow sugar beets and send our beets to Raymond. Some day we hope to have a sugar factory that is not very far from here. Cleo Buck,

Age 14 Glenwoodville, Alberta, Can.

MY LITTLE SISTER AND HER PET
Photo by Alta Walker.
Age 16. Fairfield, Idaho.

What is it?

What is it?
When the children run and play?
"It is spring!"
The birds hasten back from the south to say.

"What is it?"
The water asks as it hurries to join the sea.
"It is spring,"
Quickly answered a budding tree.

"What is it?"
Asked the horses as they were hooked to the plow.
"It is spring,"
Answered a gentle jersey cow.

Age 13. Elvira Packer.
R. D. 2. Box 24, Preston, Idaho.

Honorable Mention

Joy Aagard, Provo, Utah
Josephine Brimhall, Springville, Utah
Helen Brown, Provo, Utah
Clara Bullock, Delta, Utah
Clara Clark, Blackfoot, Idaho
Ruth Crane, Oakley, Idaho
Earlies Cutler, Hayden, Arizona
Verda Cutler, Hayden Arizona
Maxine Davis, Provo, Utah
Glenavere Decker, Snowflake, Arizona
Lucy Decker, Mancos, Colorado
Howard Dorius, Delta, Utah
Howard Forsyth, Magrath, Alberta, Canada
Rex Forsyth, Cardston, Alberta, Canada
Iris Garner, Payson, Utah
John Godfrey, Brigham City, Utah
Vesta M. Green, Sandy, Utah
Lynn Hurst, Payson, Utah
Annie Izatt, Bedford, Wyoming
Mildred Johansen, Mt. Pleasant, Utah
June E. Jordan, Howell, Utah
Aileen Lyon, Overton, Nevada
Ida A. Millett, Salt Lake City, Utah
Kenneth Moser, Auburn, Wyoming
Amola Moyes, Ventura, California
Helen Peterson, Cardston, Alberta, Canada
Marjorie Reives, Provo, Utah
Charles Riggs, Eagar, Arizona
Ruth Shipley, Bakersfield, California
Jean Stoddard, Howell, Utah
Verna Walker, Idaho Falls, Idaho
Vaudis Valentine, Silver City, Utah

Mr. Mixie Magpie

VIII.

EARLY in the morning of Fourth of July, Buzz and Bobette were out on the stone back of Bobette's . Mixie was there, too, with his breakfast of rice. They had and and , and twenty boxes of ; but "Oh dear, Bob!" said , "we can't seem to make a really decent noise with this safe and sane stuff!" "We can always shout!" said . "Let's give three cheers for the red, white and blue, and hurrah for liberty!" So "Three cheers for the red, white and blue!" shouted they, and "Hurrah for liberty!" Down below the flower garden, where the grows, the crows seemed to be celebrating the Fourth, too. "Caw, caw, caw!" and "Squawk, squawk, squawk!" went they. "Let's go down there and see what those are fighting about," said . Down the to the edge of the cornfield they ran, and Mixie Magpie hopped along behind. The hid back of a lilac . "Caw, caw, caw, squawk, squawk,

squawk!"---the were making a great racket. Suddenly a new voice joined in; "Caw, caw, caw, squawk, squawk, squawk!" screeched in their

midst, and talking their own language. But the didn't want any of Mixie's advice. They forgot their quarrel with each other, and scolded and pecked at so hard that he had to defend himself with and . He rolled right over on his back so as to use both . "Oh, oh!" whimpered , "they'll hurt him, Buzz!" "Sh! He's all right! Let's see what he'll do!" answered . But had had about enough. "Get out, you rascal! quick, quick, scat!" he screamed. And they did scat! They flew away, every one of them, like when the wind blows. Mixie scrambled to his and hopped back to the . Mama came to the door that very minute. "Three cheers for the red, white and blue! Hurrah for liberty!" cried : "He's helping us celebrate the Fourth," said . "He made believe the were the British!"

Tired of Angling

Ole was in the courthouse and stammeringly asked for a license.

"Hunting license?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, no. Ay ban hunting long enough, Ay want to get married now."—Swedish Swish-Swash.

Outwitted

"Alfred," said his mother in a low, tense voice, "if you disobey me, I will spank you right here on the street."

The little fellow looked up. "Mother," he inquired with interest, "where would you sit?"—Boston Transcript.

A Common Experience

"Here's something queer," said the dentist. "You say this tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small flakes of gold on my instrument."

"I think you have struck my back collar button," moaned the victim.—Siren.

He had a Sty in his Eye

Hi: What made you fire your new hired man?

Si: I told him to take some skim milk to the pigs, and he went and served it to the summer boarders.—Country Gentleman.

Short on Gas

This is the latest joke John D. Rockefeller is telling his friends:

"I was in the central part of the State this summer to visit some of the spots where I spent my childhood. My car had stopped and I was looking around. An old farmer came up to the car and started to talk to me. He didn't know who I was. We chatted together for about five minutes, when ne asked me where I was going.

"'I'm going to heaven,' I replied with a smile.

"'Get out!' he said. 'You aint got enough gasoline'."—New York World.

With Apologies to Longfellow

The shades of night were falling fast,
The guy stepped on it and rushed past,
A crash—he died without a sound,
They opened up his head and found—
Excelsior!

The Would-Be Singer

"Miss Screecher!" exclaimed the music teacher in despair to his pupil. "Remember, you are singing an 'Invitation to Summer.' You are begging it to come—not daring it."

Not Hopeless

Dora: "The man I marry must be brave."

Flora: "Don't be such a gloom, dearie—you're not so terribly homely."—Legion Weekly.

In the Restaurant

"Waiter!" From the table by the window the voice of an elderly gentleman rose in accents wrathful. "Take this egg away."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter obligingly, as he glanced wistfully at the ottending article. "And—and what shall I do with it, sir?"

"Do with it?" The outraged customer rose menacingly from his chair. "Do with it," he bellowed fiercely. "Why, wring it's neck."

Something About Trousers

An Oregon man was trying to sell a horse. The animal was wind-broken but sleek. The owner trotted him around for inspection and bringing him back to the prospect he stoked the horse's back and remarked, "Hasn't he a lovely coat?"

The prospect said as he looked at the heaving flanks of the animal, "Yeah, his coat's all right, but I don't like his pants."

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